MYSTERY MAGAZINE

VOL. III No 71 OCTOBER 15, 1920
PRICE 10 CENTS

FEATURE STORY

THE ADMIRAL'S SPOONS

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

A Great Detective Story, "THE CANINE CLEW," In Our Next Number.

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

Vol. III. OCTOBER 15, 1920. No. 71

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Published Twice a Month by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher

168 West 23d Street, New York

N. Hastings Wolff, Pres. E. Byrne, Treas.

Charles E. Nylander, Sec.

LU. SENARENS, Editor

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

Domestic, Single Copy	10 Cents
Domestic, Yearly	$2.50
Canada	$2.75
Foreign	$3.00

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THE ADMIRAL'S SPOONS

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

MRS. JIMMY ARCHIBALD, of Glenwood Hills, was pricing rubies in Kirschwassen's, Alexander Straat, the Hague. The elder Kirschwassen was with her in one of those sumptuous and yet cozy little rooms that were kept for the use of English-speaking spenders.

In another room, separated by a transparent glass partition, sat the younger Kirschwassen, surrounded by three English-speaking spenders.

Mrs. Jimmy Archibald, with a multitude of dazzling gems spread in front of her, raised her eyes for one instant. She started violently.

"Ah," said the elder Kirschwassen, "the sight of such beautiful stones enthralls, does it not?"

Mrs. Jimmy Archibald rose from her chair. "The sight of that does," she exclaimed, indicating with a gesture the group in the other cozy little room. "Just excuse me, please?"

In another moment she had bustled gracefully into the center of that little group.

"The Brays from home," she cried happily, hysterically, seizing them all at once in a frenzy of nostalgia. "I am hungry for a sight of you. What are you doing in Holland?"

Vivien Bray nodded toward the younger Kirschwassen, who stood perturbed but polite in a corner, tugging at his little military mustache.

"Green stones," she said.

"I'm pricing pink 'uns," explained Mrs. Jimmy Archibald, with a wave of her hand toward the rueful countenance of the elder Kirschwassen. She pounced upon Vivien Bray and dragged her to the window. "Tell me at once," she commanded, "what's the news from home?"

"Nothing," answered Vivien Bray, "and yet—

yes, there is. Edith Kildair is moving to Glenwood Hills."

Mrs. Jimmy Archibald's eyes opened to the limit. "Edith Kildair," she gasped, "moved to Glenwood Hills. One of us. Oh, then," she cried hysterically, "there's not a moment to lose. I must go back."

"Back where?" queried Vivien, wonderingly.

"Back home to Glenwood Hills," said Mrs. Archibald.

"What for?" demanded Vivien, quite puzzled.

"To save Edith Kildair," returned Mrs. Archibald.

"From what?" asked Vivien.

"Do you ask?" insistently demanded Mrs. Jimmy. "To save her from Jeffreys."

"Ye gods," breathed Vivien. "I never thought of Jeffreys."

Mrs. Archibald caught her energetically by the arms. "How long has Edith Kildair lived in Glenwood Hills?" she asked.

Vivien commenced to calculate. "We've been abroad four months," she said.

"And I six," wailed Mrs. Jimmy.

"Edith came to town six weeks after we left. The Cromwells wrote us at the time."

"Then she's had over ten weeks of Jeffreys," wailed Mrs. Archibald. "There's not a moment to lose."

Edith Kildair had bought the Tremayne place at Glenwood Hills. She had furnished it lavishly with her Hempstead belongings. Ever since Kildair had been killed in the motor car smash that nearly robbed her of her own existence, Edith Kildair had hated Hempstead. Long Island made her nervous. Jersey beckoned to her—particularly Glenwood Hills. There were a lot of people in Glenwood Hills that she liked and a lot of people that liked her. Beside, there was some mysterious social link that bound Glenwood Hills to Hempstead. To adopt one it was not at all necessary to drop the other.

Two years after she recovered she removed to Glenwood Hills and began to entertain. One afternoon three limousine loads rolled in from Long Island and clustered about Edith Kildair's little mahogany tea wagon in her sprawling, old-fashioned living-room.

Glenwood hills was adequately represented by a gentleman of the name of Jeffreys. The gentleman of the name of Jeffreys sat by the side of the teapot and punctuated his conversation with graceful little jabs of his teacup.

"When I was acting-governor-general of the Philippines," he was saying, "the admiral's daughter, who was with him, was going to be married. She was marrying a civilian located there in business, and there was no chance for a naval wedding. The admiral came to me—I was acting-governor-general at that particular time—and got me to hire a house for him and to arrange the ceremony——"

A slightly pained expression crossed the face of Edith Kildair.

"General," she implored him, "won't you have more tea."

The general declined with a courtly bow. "'General,' said the admiral to me one day—he always consulted me—I may have mentioned that I was acting-governor-general at that time—'General Jeffreys,' he said to me, 'what can I give my daughter for a wedding present?' Well, sir, we ransacked Manila high and low, and the admiral bought spoons—on my advice—silver spoons; all sizes and all shapes; all monogrammed. There was a room given over to the wedding presents and a little guard of two from the flag-ship to watch 'em. Well, sir, at midnight the spoons—the admiral's spoons—were missing. Nobody knew how or why. The admiral reported to me and he was worried. They had taken a lot of time and a lot of money to get together, and admirals aren't made of money. But he was game. 'Well, let it go,' he said. We'll do nothing of the kind, I told him, and I rounded up the guests, every mother's son of them, and told them the situation. They all consented to be searched but G——"

A Hempstead man leaned forward. "G——," he said, "that's a familiar name."

The former acting-governor-general of the Philippines smiled mysteriously. "A familiar enough name indeed," he returned. "G—— is talked about for a place on the President's cabinet." He lowered his voice. "It is the same G——," he went on. "It was a case of necessity. He had been going the limit at the Westerners' Club in Manila—gambled everything but his clothes. Owed a debt of honor and the spoons would have just about paid it. We searched him and he was oozing solid silver. That is G——."

"You were then," said the Hempstead man, "acting-governor-general of the Philippines?"

"I was then," returned the general, with due solemnity. "Acting-gov——"

He stopped and looked toward the door. The others followed his glance and did likewise. There were a dozen exclamations of surprise and welcome.

Framed in the center of the huge double doorway was a vision of radiance—Mrs. Jimmy Archibald. She had just come home.

"Go on," she smiled, bowing to General Jeffreys. "Don't let me interrupt. Won't you tell them that story about the admiral's spoons?"

An hour later she was closeted with Edith Kildair in Edith's dainty boudoir under the eaves. She held up her hands.

"My dear," she said, in tones of anguish, "I am too late—too late."

"I don't quite understand," said Edith.

"You'll understand very shortly," responded Mrs. Archibald. "The general has got you—marked you for his own."

"Still I don't understand," persisted Edith Kildair.

"My dear," said Mrs. Archibald, "use your

powers of observation. This was one of your days at home, was it not?"

"Yes," returned Edith.

"Hempstead was well represented," went on Mrs. Archibald, "but where was Glenwood Hills?"

"I never thought," gasped the hostess, "and yet, I did, too. Isn't there something doing in New York to-day?"

"No," responded Mrs. Jimmy Archibald, "there was nothing doing in New York, there was something doing here. General Jeffreys was taking tea with you."

"What of that," responded Edith Kildair. "Isn't he a proper personage?"

"Proper," echoed Mrs. Jimmy. "Proper is the word; he's nothing else but proper."

"What have you got against him?" queried Edith, a trifle anxiously.

"Against him," echoed Mrs. Archibald, "against him? I've got so much against him that I stopped in the middle of buying a set of pink 'uns at Kirschwassen's, just to get over here and save you from him." She shook her head. "I, too, was once young and innocent, Edith," she exclaimed dolefully. "What have I got against him?" she repeated, smiting the inoffensive atmosphere with a small clenched hand. "I've got it against him that he was acting-governor-general of the Philippines—for a week."

"For a week," gasped Edith Kildair. "I thought——"

"Don't say you hoped that it was longer than a week," said Mrs. Archibald, shaking her head with determination. "If he had been acting-governor-general for two weeks Glenwood Hills would be a deserted village. I'd desert it and so would everybody else. One week is enough. Ye gods. Listen, Edith," she went on feverishly, "has he quoted Omar Khayam to you—does he tell you what he thinks, and knows, and says—and what he used to say when he was acting-governor-general of the Philippines? How many times," she demanded, "have you heard about the admiral's spoons?"

Edith Kildair wrung her hands. "Fourteen or fifteen," she faltered.

"How many times have you been at home?" queried Mrs. Archibald.

"Fourteen or fifteen times," sighed Edith.

"You're a great social success, I suppose," said Mrs. Archibald. "Glenwood Hills is flocking to your standard. Reminds you of Hempstead, don't it?"

Edith Kildair suddenly dropped her face into her hands. "Tell me," she cried, "what it is. I began so well—so very well, and I am finishing up so ill. I wish you would tell me why."

"Jeffreys is why," answered Mrs. Archibald. "Glenwood Hills won't stand for Jeffreys. It has nothing against him save that he is an insufferable bore."

"I didn't know," sobbed Edith Kildair, "that anybody else had noticed that."

"You noticed that they didn't come," insisted Mrs. Archibald.

"Yes," replied Edith, "and he came, too—even when he wasn't asked."

"Ah, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Jimmy, in genuine pity, "you are gone very far, indeed. There's only one hope, a big hope; a big white hope, my dear."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Kildair.

"It is me," responded Mrs. Jimmy Archibald. "I am the white hope. I came over here all the way from Kirschwassen's, in The Hague, just to save you, but I'm going to save Glenwood Hills beside. Give a dinner party," she went on, "give it to Vivien Bray; she'll be home in three weeks. Have just the right people—say twenty-four or so——"

"And leave out Jeffreys?"

"No," returned Mrs. Jimmy, "invite him first."

"Nobody else will come," protested Edith dolefully.

Mrs. Jimmy squared her shoulders. "Oh, yes, they will," she responded. "I am the white hope. I'll tell them about it. They'll come, you need never fear."

They came, to the last woman and the last man. Edith Kildair, radiant at the head of the center table, had Vivien Bray at her right hand and a Hempstead man at her left. She had at the last moment insisted on the Hempstead invitations. She was afraid that Glenwood Hills would fail her.

General Jeffreys, therefore, found himself delightfully situated between two Hempstead women.

"When I was acting-governor-general of the Philippines," he began, addressing first the one and then the other. And Glenwood Hills groaned in unison and glanced despairingly toward the white hope.

The white hope, otherwise Mrs. Jimmy Archibald, never batted an eyelid. When the ices came on they were accompanied by a hurried ring at the doorbell. The butler entered with a telegram for Mrs. Kildair. Mrs. Kildair, with the instincts of a hostess, laid the telegram to one side of her plate.

"Don't mind us," shouted a score of Glenwood Hills voices. "Open it."

"It can wait," said Edith Kildair.

"Don't be silly," said Mrs. Jimmy Archibald. "It may be of great importance. Open it at once."

She was so insistent that the hostess obeyed. She tore it open and perused it. Her face turned white, then red. With her hand at her throat she passed the telegram to Mrs. Archibald. Mrs. Archibald glanced at it interestedly. She may or she may not have been startled at its contents, but she gave no indication of her mental attitude.

"What a strange telegram," she said aloud. "What does it mean? Who is this G——?" And then, apparently forgetting that she was in the

presence of anybody but her hostess, she read the telegram aloud.

"Mrs. Edith Kildair.—The story Jeffreys tells of me is an infernal lie. He stole those spoons himself. G——."

There was a moment of intense silence—a silence that continued and threatened to continue indefinitely—a silence that might have been cut with a knife. In the midst of it Mrs. Archibald began talking volubly.

"And the pink 'uns that I smuggled over," she exclaimed rapturously.

Glenwood Hills and Hempstead rose to the bait. The interruption was a relief, owing to the fact that former Acting-governor-general Jeffreys sat spluttering over the telegram from Washington, D. C.

"Pink 'uns," exclaimed one of the Hempstead women. "How delightful."

"I saved seventeen thousand dollars duty," nodded Mrs. Archibald, her eyes sparkling.

"How did you get them in?" asked a Glenwood Hills man.

"Fido's dog collar," snickered Mrs. Archibald.

"Clever," murmured the admiring circle.

Their hostess rose and swept the diners into the greater freedom of her spacious living-room. In one corner of this room General Jeffreys, a bit disconcerted, but still well to the fore, expressed his indignation to the Hempstead people. Over in another corner Mrs. Archibald held forth to her own cleverness in smuggling pink 'uns into the country.

"Let us have a look at them," said somebody.

"I'm not wearing them to-night," said Mrs. Archibald. "I've got my green 'uns on, but the others are upstairs in the dressing-room. I'll get them if you'll wait. I brought them here to show them to Edith Kildair."

She disappeared. They waited. Five minutes—ten minutes elapsed. Finally Mrs. Archibald reappeared. Her face was white and troubled. She stood at the entrance to the room and raised her voice.

"Edith," she cried, "I don't know what to do. The pink 'uns—the rubies have disappeared."

There was a cry of general consternation. Rubies, on which the evaded duty amounts to seventeen thousand dollars, have considerable value.

"Are you sure?" demanded Edith Kildair.

"I am positive," responded Mrs. Archibald. "I know where I put them and I looked at them twice after I laid them there, and now they're gone."

"The maids," gasped her hostess. And then immediately she shook her head. "Impossible," she added. "I've had them for years and they've had any number of opportunities. What do they say?"

"They say," faltered Mrs. Archibald, "that when they were both out of the room they saw a man enter."

"A burglar?"

"I don't know," faltered Mrs. Archibald. "They said a man in a dinner coat."

"Could they identify him?"

Mrs. Archibald shook her head weakly. "They don't know who he was," she said. "They thought nothing of it, because they thought it was somebody here who had been sent for a handkerchief or something else."

Edith Kildair started for the stairs. "Let me talk to them," she said.

But Mrs. Jimmy blocked her path. "It isn't necessary," she exclaimed. "I will have nothing done about it, nothing. It serves me right for having smuggled them."

In the midst of this little colloquy, General Jeffreys, once acting-governor-general of the Philippines, strode across the floor. All Glenwood Hills and part of Hempstead were looking toward him as an expert in these matters.

"If it were a man in a dinner coat and looked like one of us," he said, grandiloquently, "it seems that there is but one thing to be done. Let each man submit to be searched. Rubies, such as Mrs. Archibald described, are worth a fortune."

"I second the motion," exclaimed a Hempstead man. "We'll all submit to a search."

"Very well then," exclaimed General Jeffreys. "Will you gentlemen all follow me."

He thrust his hands into the pocket of his dinner coat and started toward the dining-room. Then he stopped. He changed color visibly. He looked around with a bewildered air. The deep red came climbing over his collar. He bowed to Mrs. Archibald.

"I am perhaps a little previous," he said. "It is up to Mrs. Archibald to say whether there shall be a search."

"I decline to permit of it," said Mrs. Archibald.

"Mrs. Archibald," interposed the Hempstead man, "has nothing to do with it. The thing has gone too far. I demand that I be searched at any rate."

"And I," said another of the party.

"And I."

There was a chorus of "I's" from the men—that is, from all but one. That one was General Jeffreys.

"Come on," said the Hempstead man. "What are you waiting for?"

"I decline," said General Jeffreys, "to conduct a search."

"I am conducting it," said the Hempstead man. "Come on."

"No," said General Jeffreys firmly.

"Well—but——" went on the Hempstead man, "you don't object to being searched yourself."

The general drew himself up. "Sir," he said, "I have never been searched in my life."

There was a high voiced feminine laugh, which came suspiciously from Mrs. Archibald's corner of the room.

"Not even for spoons?" somebody suggested hysterically.

"I have never been searched and I decline to be searched now," retorted the general.

"All right," said the Hempstead man, "the rest of us will submit to a search at any rate. The thing is too serious."

Followed by the other men the Hempstead man led the way into the dining-room. They drew the curtains. General Jeffreys remained uncomfortably in the center of the women guests. Edith Kildair approached him.

"I have no right to say this, as your hostess, General Jeffreys," she exclaimed, "but Mrs. Archibald is also my friend. It looks awfully funny for you not to do as the other men are doing."

General Jeffreys remained with his hands still thrust into the pockets of his dinner-coat.

"That can't be helped, Mrs. Kildair," he said, flushing painfully. "I will never submit to anything so humiliating as a search."

Inside of fifteen minutes the men had trooped back into the living-room.

"No go," said the Hempstead man, "there's not a sign of a pink 'un among us. If General Jeffreys hasn't got the necklace, why——"

Whether General Jeffreys had the necklace or not, the truth remained that the necklace that Mrs. Archibald had so unctuously described, was never found in Glenwood Hills nor yet in Hempstead.

At two o'clock on the following morning Mrs. Jimmy Archibald and Mrs. Edith Kildair once more sat within the latter's boudoir under the eaves.

"You don't seem to take it very seriously," said Edith Kildair. "I'm worried to death about it. Why didn't you tell before that you'd bought a necklace at The Hague?"

"I didn't buy it at The Hague," said Mrs. Jimmy Archibald. "I bought it only yesterday morning in New York."

"You bought it in New York. You didn't smuggle it in? Then it cost you seventeen thousand more than you said it did."

"No," said Mrs. Jimmy Archibald, "it didn't cost me seventeen thousand more, nor seventeen thousand dollars, nor seventeen thousand cents. It cost me just one dollar, Edith. It was made of glass and I dropped it into General Jeffreys' pocket as we left the dining-room. Cheap and profitable entertainment for me, Edith, and it only cost me two——"

"Two dollars?"

"Yes. One dollar for the necklace and one dollar for the messenger boy who brought that Washington telegram to you. Now tell me whether I am the white hope of Glenwood Hills. Tell me whether the former acting-governor-general of the Philippines will ever dare again to stretch his feet under any mahogany in town."

Mrs. Archibald brushed her nose with her kerchief.

"I put a dash too much powder on my face to-night," she said.

FATE OF THE MAYFLOWER

DR. J. RENDEL HARRIS, who recently wrote a brochure on the history of the Mayflower, addressed a meeting of the Mayflower Celebration Committee, at which he announced the questions which he raised in his brochure as to what became of the ship.

As the result of his most recent investigations, says the Daily News, Dr. Harris identifies much of the material of the great barn at Old Jordans farmstead in Buckinghamshire as the actual wood of which the Mayflower was built. The farmstead was recently converted into a Quaker hostel, the old farmyard turfed over, and the barn used first as quarters for the Friends' Ambulance unit.

It is understood that Dr. Harris founds his case upon a combination of historical and material evidence. Historically he is able to show that the owner of the farm at the date from which trace is lost of the Mayflower, owned a quarter share in that vessel, while another share was held by a farmer at Amersham, a few miles away. Earlier researches had shown that she was in the Greenland whaling trade till the year 1654, the presumption being that she was broken up soon afterwards, either at Boston or on the Thames.

Unquestionably, old ship's timbers were in those days not infrequently used in the construction of such buildings as the Jordans barn, for which they were peculiarly fitted by their size, strength, and durability.

There are several points that appear to favor the authenticity of this remarkable discovery, and it is stated remains of a carved inscription which points to the Mayflower are to be seen.

A Daily News representative who visited Jordans says that the inscription, if such it can be called, consists of some letters, with parts of others, cut—possibly with a sailor's jack-knife—on a horizontal timber of one of the end walls. The letters most clearly decipherable are:

E R H A

Traces of further lettering to right and left can be discovered. If Dr. Harris's theory is right, the full inscription might very well run:

MAYFLOWER HARWICH

The Mayflower's port of reference is known to have been Harwich.

The letters are less than an inch long, and not deeply cut, but the piece of wood on which they appear would not in any case suggest by its weight or shape that it was ever more than one of the lateral timbers inside the vessel. Was the name of the ship idly cut there by one of the crew as he lay in his bunk? Or by one of the Pilgrim Fathers?

Twists Of Fate

By GEORGE J. BRENN

"SWELL" Tipley stood in the shadow of two giant elm trees and watched the big frame house across the Avenue. He looked at his watch—a time-piece with luminous hands. It was twenty minutes past nine.

At twenty minutes of ten he made out the familiar figure of Joe Hargis coming down the Avenue on the opposite side. A hasty glance up and down the thoroughfare, and "Swell" crossed in a straight line and waited for Hargis.

"What time did you telephone?" demanded Tipley in a low tone.

"Ha' past nine," answered Joe. "No answer."

"Good enough. Then there's no one at home. I've been watching the place for twenty minutes, and no one has entered or left it."

"Swell, you're a wiz!" commented Hargis, admiringly. "Talk about playin' it safe! Takes you to think of callin' up a house on the 'phone before breakin' in to collect a livin'."

"No, Joe," reproved the Swell, "it doesn't take me; it takes brains. Let's toddle."

The two moved toward the side of the house and stopped at the end of the porch.

"Scramble a bit, and lend me a hand," ordered Tipley.

Hargis scurried up the white wooden column to the tin-covered roof of the porch. Tipley stood on the porch railing, grasped Joe's outstretched hand, and swung up beside him. Here he brushed the dust from his clothes and wiped his gloves fastidiously with a silk handkerchief.

The roof sloped slightly, and the two clambered to the nearest window.

"Want a jimmy?" inquired Hargis.

"Tut-tut. There are wires—perhaps a battery of bells or buzzers to arouse the chaps next door."

"Well, how kin ye——"

"Hush. Our broker is a bally ass. Fawncy an elaborate electric guard on a window with a single pane, three feet square!"

"What's the size got to do wit' it?"

The Swell made no reply, but produced from his vest-pocket a silver mounted fountain pen. He removed the cap and with the pen-point described a circle about an inch in diameter in the center of the glass. The pressure of his finger against this circle resulted in the bit of glass falling inside the room. Thrusting his gloved finger through the hole, he drew the fountain pen completely around the window and lifted the entire pane out on the roof. Then he refitted the cap on the pen and looked at it thoughtfully.

"And the damned thing writes, too!" he murmured, replacing it in his pocket.

"Gee!" applauded Joe Hargis.

"In you go, Old Top—and head first, mind you!" commanded the Swell, briskly.

Hargis obeyed without hesitation, and Tipley followed him.

"Flash?" inquired Joe.

"No," answered Tipley, curtly. "Furthermore, if you work with me again, kindly refrain from carrying one, or a jimmy—or any other implement of your craft. I carry vestas—see here." Tipley struck a match.

"Gee—safety matches!" grunted Joe, scornfully.

"Quite right. The professors cawn't hang a man for carrying matches. But a jimmy—or a pocket flash—my word!" Tipley's manner conveyed the impression that this was the last word in imbecility.

"Gonna walk around the dump lightin' matches?" queried Joe, contemptuously.

"No more than is necessary," returned the Swell. "What's the first thing to do?"

"Look for swag," retorted Joe, eagerly.

The Swell's tongue clicked in evident sympathy for Joe's lack of technique.

"I watched the house while you telephoned it. No one answered your call and no one entered while I watched. Ergo, we are alone. The first thing to be done is to take ordinary precautions to remain alone. Let's find the stairs and inspect the entrances on the lower floor."

They did so. Tipley bolted the front door from within. He found another door opening on to the porch and still another in the kitchen at the rear of the house. These were already bolted.

"Cheero!" chirped the Swell. "No one can enter now. Let's go above and look about."

"How about the window up-stairs?" demanded Joe, triumphantly.

"A tactical error, Joey, I grant you. Shouldn't have left it unguarded. But—I just suggested going up there. We must catch it."

"Gosh, you think of everything, don't you, Swell?" admired Hargis.

"I try to, Joey," conceded the Swell, modestly.

"Are all the English burgl——"

"Hush, Joey—I don't like the nasty word. No—some are crassly stupid."

"And you?"

"I'm educated, Joey. Some time fellow of—but never mind. Suffice it to say I'm 'self-made.' I've used my brains. Here we are."

Tipley lit a match. The two were in the room in which they had first effected an entrtance.

"Don't I use my brains, Swell?" asked Joe, anxiously.

"A bit, old dear—but usually you use your wits. I never learned the traditions of our Guild, so I have no inefficient practices nor absurd theories to forget."

"The 'bulls' think I'm pretty slick," affirmed Hargis, boastfully.

"That's why I picked you to——" began Tipley, but he extinguished the match he held, instead of completing the sentence. There was a tense silence.

"What's up?" whispered Hargis, hoarsely, after three minutes of waiting.

"Fawncied I heard something," murmured the Swell, calmly striking another match.

"I t'ought so, too," agreed Joe. "Wind in the trees, I guess."

"Look about you sharp, now," cautioned Tipley. "Let's finish this room quickly. It's only a bedchamber, and I dare say it won't yield much."

Hargis swung his electric torch about the room in a semicircle, and looked at Tipley inquiringly.

"Might as well use it," approved the Swell, grudgingly. "I'd hate to be caught with one, though."

Hargis made a circuit of the room, poking in and out of drawers and chests, and returned to Tipley's side.

"Nothin' doin'," he reported.

"My superior intelligence disagrees with you." Tipley's tone was a sneer, but his face held a pleasant smile.

"G'wan. I've looked good."

"What an odd shaped picture of Baby Stuart!" commented Tipley. "Full width, but not very long. The picture ends at Baby's hands. Fetch it, Joey."

Hargis removed the picture from the wall—then whistled! It had concealed a little steel door!

"I thought as much," smiled Tipley. "Never saw a small, perfectly square Baby Stuart before. Go it on your own for a bit, Joey."

The Swell busied himself with the miniature safe. Hargis prowled about the room until he heard a muffled exclamation from Tipley.

"Anything, Swell?" he asked.

"Milady's pearls," returned the other, carelessly, pulling a string of lustrous orient through his fingers and then dropping it casually into his pocket.

"Anything else?"

"An old wallet. Found it in this coat; here on the chair." He handed it to Hargis, who examined it eagerly.

"Pretty good, Swell. T'ree hunnerd or more in bills! An' here's a gold piece an' some change. My Gawd—an' a twisted two-bit piece!" Joe's voice broke.

"A what?" inquired Tipley, sharply, sensing a change in Joe's manner.

"A twisted quarter!" gasped Hargis, holding the piece of silver between thumb and forefinger in the light of his pocket-torch.

Tipley gave the coin a single glance.

"Pray, why all the concern over a battered shilling?" he asked.

"Bad luck!" declared Joe, ominously. "A twisted coin is bad luck!"

"Not if it isn't too badly twisted," laughed the Swell.

"It's bad luck, I tell you!" snarled Joe. "I'm gonna put the leather back. You can keep the pearls."

"Fiddlesticks!" retorted Tipley. "Superstition—ignorance. Cast aside sixty pounds because of a bent bit o' silver? Not Swell Tipley. Use your brains, old dear!"

"I'm a-using them, Swell. A twisted coin means the jug—or worse!"

"You don't mean to say you believe such precious nonsense?"

"It's a sure sign, Swell. Don't you believe in signs?"

"I jolly well don't."

"But they're sure, I tell you," reiterated Hargis. "I've seen it work out, time an' again. Don't you know a new moon is bad luck?"

"No," laughed Tipley.

"Or that a moon wit' a ring around it is good luck?" continued Joe, solemnly.

"No, Joey."

"Listen, Swell; I'm tellin' you the truth, s'help me. Them signs is sure."

"Beautiful moonshine, Joey," announced Tipley, unimpressed.

"Don't you believe any of it?" asked Joe, anxiously.

"No, Joey. As you pointed out several moments ago, I have brains. Just because the shilling—I mean quarter—is a bit banged up is no reason for leaving behind sixty perfectly good pounds. I'd be a blooming idiot!"

Hargis seemed to brace himself.

"Better put it back, Swell. Signs is bad things!"

"Not those you mention, old dear. They're superstitions; only the illiterate believe in them. Are you illiterate, Joey?"

"Aw, quit it! I'm all right," muttered Hargis, doubtfully. "Don't you believe in no signs at all?"

"Only one, Joey; I don't know that I'd call it a sign, either. I wouldn't rob a hunchback or a man with a clubfoot!"

"Hell!" guffawed Hargis. "That's pretty good. Swell wouldn't rob a humpback or a guy with a bum pedal. Me—I'm super—, superstitious an' ignorant!"

"But, m' dear boy, this rule of mine is founded on neither superstition nor ignorance," protested Tipley, earnestly. "It's scientific. An indubitably wise Providence has seen fit to compensate those whom it afflicts. Hunchbacks and clubfooted in-

dividuals are pets of Providence; if one robs them, Providence metes out punishment!"

"Seems to me it's fifty-fifty, Swell," argued Hargis. "You won't burgle a guy with a twisted foot; me—I'm afraid of a twisted coin! I'd rather collect from a guy with a bum hoof; less chance of him catchin' me," he explained, sagely.

"You're becoming logical, Joey, and logic is dangerous when dealing with Providence. No doubt you could out-scud a lame man in a sprint, but Providence wouldn't have to stir a hoof to overhaul you."

"Jest the same, Swell, if you don't put this leather back, I goes out the window." Hargis spoke with determination.

"Righto, my boy," assented Tipley, with a sigh. "Sixty pounds is a pretty decent bag to renig on, though." He walked to the chair on which the coat hung and restored the wallet to the inner pocket. Hargis followed him with the light.

"Beastly taste in dress—our broker friend," commented Tipley, examining the style and texture of the coat. "Let's hurry through the other rooms."

They left the bedchamber and walked to the end of the broad hallway. Here Joe's flashlight revealed a partially opened door.

"Let's have a look in there," ordered Tipley.

Scarely had they turned to enter the room when both were hurled violently into it and the door was pulled shut behind them. Before they had recovered from the surprise a key turned in the lock!

"Easy," cautioned the Swell, striking a match to look for the flash-light Hargis had dropped on the floor. The latter picked it up, but when he attempted to use it he found that the light had grown dim.

"Batt'ry's goin'," announced Joe.

"Matches are much better," observed Tipley, unruffled. "Flash about."

Joe did so. The room was scarcely six feet square. It had no windows. There were drawers —many of them; a hasty inspection indicated that it was not a room, but the owner's linen closet. In the wall to the right of the door and about three feet from the floor was an opening four feet square. Tipley approached the opening, struck a match, and thrust his head within.

"Dumb-waiter," he annnounced. "Cellar to second floor; laundry to linen closet. Deucedly clever."

"Kin we get out that way?" demanded Hargis.

"No. The beggar who locked us up is down there."

"How d'ye know?"

"Heard him descend the stairs. Just saw a light down at the end of the lift."

"Do we bust down the door?" inquired Joe.

"Oak; too stout. Let's think a bit."

There was silence for a few moments, and darkness as well, for Hargis turned off the flash-light to husband the remaining strength of the battery. Tipley endeavored to manipulate the ropes in the shaft to bring up the dumb-waiter, but was unsuccessful.

"Chap's put the bally lift out o' gear," he commented. "Wonder who he is?"

Hargis made no answer. Tipley tugged again at the ropes in the shaft and succeeded in starting them. The dumb-waiter was soon at the second floor. By the light of a match the Swell determined that at a pinch it would accommodate a man in a crouched position. He removed his coat and laid it on the floor.

"What you gonna do?" asked Hargis.

"Go down slowly and have a peep at the lay o' the land. Lend a hand with these ropes. This one is 'up' and this one 'down.' If I whistle, haul me up for all you're worth."

Hargis approached the shaft with the flash-light, and stumbled over Tipley's coat. He cast it aside, and a flat, leather wallet dropped from the inner pocket. He put out the light instantly and retreated to a corner.

"Damn you, Swell, you lied! You double-crossed me! We're done for!"

"Not if you hold your tongue," cautioned the Swell, calmly. "Be quiet and I'll pull you through."

"You lied!" shrieked Hargis. "You made believe to put the leather back, but you kep' it; kep' it, twisted quarter an' all. We're done for, damn you!"

"Hush up, you fool, or I'll make you!"

"Don't come near me, Swell; stay where you are. I told you a twisted coin was bad luck. I've got a 'gat' with a silencer on it; don't you come near me!"

"You're using you wits now, Joey. My brains tell me that no superstitious, ignorant little crook like you could get hold of a Maxim. Besides, I've got two silencers; the strongest pair of hands in the States! I'm coming over there, and unless you play cricket, I'm——"

"Don't you, Swell!" warned Hargis, and as Tipley disregarded the warning there was the sound of a body crashing to the floor.

Silence—save for the labored, excited breathing of one man. At the end of three minutes Hargis turned on the flash-light.

"Got you, Swell," he murmured hoarsely, his voice trembling as he regarded the prostrate figure. "Got you—and your own damn fault, too! Now say twisted coins ain't unlucky!"

He pulled himself together, rose to his feet, and thrusting his body to one side, he stepped to the shaft. Grasping the rope he raised the dumb-waiter a trifle higher that he might look down to the end of the shaft. The aperture at the far end shone dimly with what was evidently the cellar gas-light, and the vague shadow of a moving figure appeared and disappeared.

Joey reflected. The unknown person below was obviously neither the owner nor a servant, for in either case he would have resorted to the tele-

phone to call the police. Joey decided that the other might be an intruder like himself. With this as a basic theory, his fertile imagination began to work. Had the fellow entered before or after the telephone call? He concluded that it must have been after the call, as the ringing of the telephone would probably have alarmed him and caused him to flee. How had he entered? By the window, of course, during the short interval they had left it unguarded. Joey saw it clearly now. The coat on the chair in the bedchamber belonged to the stranger; Tipley had commented on the fact that it was ill-suited in cut and texture to a broker! In all probability the fellow had picked up the wallet in one of the rooms on the second floor.

"Hello, below!" shouted Hargis, down the dumb-waiter shaft.

There was no answer save for a mocking echo. He tried again, and no one answered. He hammered on the dumb-waiter car with the butt of his revolver, and could again see a shadow move across the far end of the shaft.

"Hello, pardner!" he greeted loudly.

"What?" boomed a deep, uncanny, hollow voice.

"I wanna talk to you," announced Joey, pacifically.

"What?" repeated the other, deliberately.

"Wanna make a deal?" wheedled Hargis.

"Talk louder. I'm deaf."

Deaf! Perhaps the fellow had been in the house before Tipley arrived outside at twenty minutes past nine. Deaf—e[illegible] hadn't heard the telephone bell!

"I'll split with you," offered Hargis in as loud a tone as he dared employ. What right had a deaf guy to do second-story work?

"Come down," ordered the stranger in the unnatural tones of the very deaf.

Joey reflected again. He might descend and trust to the fellow's deafness to be able to surprise him. Failing that, he would give the fellow the accursed wallet and go on his way with the pearls.

He picked up Tipley's coat, removed the pearls from the pocket and dropped them into his own. Then he returned to the shaft, grasped the proper rope, doubled up in the dumb-waiter, and proceeded to lower himself, an inch at a time. In one hand he held his revolver, ready for instant use.

Twice Hargis stopped and wiped the perspiration from his head with the sleeve of his coat. The descent in the dark seemed to consume hours. At length, peering over the edge of the car in the space between the side of the shaft and the floor of the dumb-waiter, he determined that the cellar opening of the shaft was a scant two feet below. He noiselessly readjusted his body so that his head would be nearer the floor of the car.

Inch by inch he descended, with the utmost cunning. He wanted to be able to stop the dumb-waiter when the floor of it was no more than an inch below the cellar opening. Just an inch of space to see through—perhaps to shoot though—and all would be well!

He achieved his purpose at the end of five minutes, but could see no one. In front of him was a huge furnace, a coal-bin, a lighted gas jet. The deaf man had been careful to keep out of range. Perhaps another inch would reveal him. Cautiously Hargis lowered the car. Yes, there he was—at the side of the shaft and well against the wall. One inch more and he had a better view. He shifted his position again; it was like trying to look around a corner.

The deaf man's head was finally revealed to him. It was a wicked, vicious head, with evil eyes and a sinister expression to the cruel, hard mouth. One more inch and Joey could see him better. He craned his neck. Suddenly his fingers became nerveless and the revolver dropped from his grasp with a clatter. He was obsessed with fear.

The rope slipped through his unresisting fingers and the car found the bottom of the shaft. As it did so, the hunchback struck with a hard, swift motion that mercifully ended Joey's torture.

The hunchback pulled the inanimate form to the cellar floor, and kneeling beside it, searched the coat-pockets. He removed the wallet with a grunt of satisfaction. He had evidently seen it before, but had not inspected its contents. This he proceeded to do by the flickering light of the gas.

He regarded the bills with an evil smile of satisfaction which gave way to a look of genuine alarm as he encountered the bent quarter. Hastily and fearfully he threw open the furnace door and upon the grate he flung wallet, bills and silver.

"The dammed little fool!" he grittted in his uncanny mode of speech. "Didn't he know that a twisted coin is always unlucky?"

As though fearing the vengeance of strange gods, the hunchback fled in terror. He did not stop to recover his coat from the room on the second floor, but left by the same means he had entered at quarter past nine—a cellar window.

MARS SIGNALING, ASSERTS FRENCH ASTRONOMER

MARS is attempting to signal the earth by means of telephotography, according to Camille Flamarion, the famous French astronomer. He asserts that the white spot which recently appeared on the Martian equatorial plateau was not snow, because this is the planet's summertime. It is the third time since 1879 that the noted spot, which cannot be accounted for except as an effort by the Martians to communicate with the earth, has appeared," he said.

The Flint Jackson Case

By DETECTIVE PATRICK MURPHY

DETECTIVE JIM O'BRIEN was ordered to Farnham to investigate a case of burglary, committed in the house of a gentleman of the name of Hursley, during the temporary absence of the family. The premises, it was plain, had been broken, not into, but out of. A watch having been set upon the motions of the very specious person left in charge of the house, it was speedily discovered that the robbery had been effected by the woman caretaker and a confederate named Dawkins, her brother-in-law. Some of the stolen goods were found secreted at his lodgings, but the most valuable portion, consisting of plate, and a small quantity of jewelry, had disappeared. It had unquestionably been converted into money, as considerable sums were found upon both Dawkins and the woman, Sarah Purday.

Now, as it had been clearly ascertained that neither of the prisoners had left Farnham since the burglary, it was manifest there was a receiver or fence near at hand who had purchased the missing articles. Dawkins and Purday were, however, as dumb as stones upon the subject. Nothing occurred to point suspicion to till early in the evening previous to the second examination of the prisoners before the magistrate, when Sarah Purday asked for pen, ink and paper for the purpose of writing to a Mr. Jackson, in whose service she had formerly lived. O'Brien happened to be at the prison, and of course took the liberty of carefully unsealing her note and reading it. It revealed nothing; and except its extremely cautious wording and abrupt, peremptory tone, coming from a servant to her former boss, suggested nothing. The detective had carefully counted the number of sheets of paper sent into the cell, and on recounting them found that three were missing. The warden returned immediately, and asked for two other letters she had written. The woman denied having written any other, and for proof pointed to the torn fragments of the missing sheets lying on the floor. These were gathered up and brought to O'Brien, but he could make nothing out of them, every word having been carefully run through with the pen, and converted into an unintelligible blot. The request contained in the actually written letter was simple enough, merely "that Mr. Jackson would not on any account fail to provide her, in consideration of past services, with legal assistance on the following day." The first nine words were strongly underlined; and O'Brien made out after a good deal of trouble that the word "pretense" had been partially effaced, and "account" substituted for it.

"She need not have wasted three sheets of paper upon such a nonsensical request as that," observed the warden. "Old Jackson wouldn't shell out a nickel to save her or anybody else from the electric chair."

"I am of a different opinion; but tell me what sort of a person is this former employer of hers?" said O'Brien.

"All I know about him is that he's a cross-grained old guy, living about a mile out of Farnham, who scrapes money together by lending small sums upon notes at short dates, and at a thundering interest. Folk about here call him Flint Jackson."

"At all events, forward the letter at once, and to-morrow we shall see—what we shall see. Good-evening."

It turned out as Jim anticipated. A few minutes after the prisoners were brought into the court-room, a lawyer arrived, and announced that he appeared for both the inculpated parties. He was allowed a private conference with them, at the close of which he stated that his clients would reserve their defense. They were at once committed for trial, and I overheard the attorney assure the woman that the ablest counsel in the world would be retained in their behalf.

O'Brien had no longer a doubt that it was his duty to know something further of this suddenly generous Flint Jackson, though how to set about it was a matter of considerable difficulty. There was no legal pretense for a search-warrant, and doubted the prudence of proceeding upon his own responsibility with so astute an old fox as Jackson was represented to be; for supposing him to be a confederate with the burglars, he had by this time in all probability sent the stolen property away—to New York in all likelihood—and should Jim find nothing, the consequences of ransacking his house merely because he had provided a former servant with legal assistance would be serious. Under these circumstances Jim wrote to headquarters for instructions, and received orders to prosecute the inquiry thoroughly, but cautiously, and to consider time as nothing so long as there appeared a chance of fixing Jackson with the guilt of receiving the plunder. Another suspicious circumstance that O'Brien had omitted to notice in its place was that the lawyer tendered bail for the prisoners to any reasonable amount, and named Enoch Jackson as one of his securities. Bail was, however, refused.

There was no need for over-hurrying the business, as the prisoners wer ecommitted to jail. O'Brien lost no time in making diligent and minute inquiry as to the character and habits of Jackson, and the result was that nothing but the

fear of being denounced as an accomplice could have induced such a miserly iron-hearted rogue to put himself to charges in defense of the imprisoned burglars.

One afternoon, while pondering the matter, and at the same time enjoying the prettiest and cheerfulest of rural sights, the druggist at whose house Jim was lodging tapped the detective suddenly on the shoulder, and looking sharply round, Jim perceived he had something of importance to communicate.

"What is it?" he said, quickly.

"The oddest thing in the world. There's Flint Jackson, his deaf old woman, and the young people lodging with him, all drinking at a roadhouse."

"Show them to me, if you please."

A few minutes brought them to the place of boisterous entertainment, the lower room of which was suffocatingly full of booze-fighters and tobacco-smoke. Jim's companion stealthily pointed out the group, who were seated near the farther window, and then left.

The appearance of Jackson answered to the popular prefix of Flint attached to his name. He was a wiry, gnarled, heavy-browed, iron-jawed fellow of about sixty, with deep-set eyes aglow with sinister and greedy instincts. His wife, older than he, and as deaf apparently as a post, wore a simpering, imbecile look of wonderment.

The young people, who lodged with Jackson, were really a very frank, honest, good-looking couple. The countenance of Henry Rogers was flushed with drink, and that of his wife clouded with frowns, at the situation in which she found herself, and the riotous conduct of her husband. Their brief history was this:—they had both worked for a family living not far distant from Farnham—Thomas Lethbridge's. About three or four months previous to the present time Flint Jackson, who had once been in an attorney's office, discovered that Henry Rogers, in consequence of the death of a distant relative, was entitled to property worth something like $7,500. There were, however, some law difficulties in the way, which Jackson offered to overcome for a consideration, and in the meantime to supply board and lodging and such necessary sums of money as Henry Rogers might require. With this brilliant prospect in view, service became at once utterly distasteful. The fortunate legatee had for some time courted Mary Elkins, one of the maids, a pretty bright-eyed brunette; and they were married. Since then they had lived at Jackson's house in daily expectation of their "fortune," with which they proposed to start in business.

Finding himself unrecognized, Jim called boldly for a glass of beer, and, after some maneuvering, contrived to seat himself within earshot of Jackson and his party. They presented a strange study. Henry Rogers was boisterously excited, and not only drinking freely himself, but treating a dozen fellows round him, the cost of which he from time to time called upon "Old Flint" to pay.

"Come, fork out, Old Flint!" he cried again and again. "It'll be all right, you know, in a day or two. Shell out, old top!"

Jackson complied with an affectation of gayety ludicrous to behold. It was evident that each successive pull at his purse was like wrenching a tooth out of his head, and yet, while the dismalest of smiles wrinkled his wolfish mouth, he kept exclaiming:

"A fine kid; generous to a fault. He spends money as if gold was as plentiful as gravel! But a fine, generous lad for all that!"

Jackson, the detective perceived, drank considerably, as if incited thereto by compressed savageness. The pretty young wife would not taste a drop, but tears frequently filled her eyes, and bitterness was in her words as she vainly asked her husband to leave the place and go home with her. To all remonstrances the drunkard replied only by foolery, varied occasionally by an attempt at a line or two of song.

"But you will plant thorns, Henry," said the provoked wife, in a louder and angrier tone than she ought perhaps to have used—"not only in my heart, but in your own, if you go on in this disgraceful way."

"Always quarreling, always quarreling!" remarked Jackson, pointedly, towards the bystanders—"always quarreling!"

"Who is always quarreling?" demanded Rogers' wife, sharply. "Do you mean me and Henry?"

"I was only saying, my dear, that you don't like your husband to be so generous and free-hearted—that's all," replied Jackson, with a confidential wink at the persons near him.

"Free-hearted and generous! Fool-hearted and crazy!" rejoined the wife, who was much excited. "And you ought to be ashamed of yourself to give him money for such purposes."

"Always quarreling, always quarreling!" iterated Jackson, but this time unheard by Mrs. Rogers—"always, perpetually quarreling!"

The detective could not comprehend all this. If so large a sum as $7,500 was really coming to the young man, why should Jackson hesitate as he did at disbursing small amounts which he could repay himself with abundant interest? If otherwise—and it was probable he should not be repaid—what meant his eternal "fine, generous lad!" "spirited young man!" and so on? What, above all, meant that look of diabolical hate which shot out from his cavernous eyes towards Henry Rogers when he thought himself unobserved, just after satisfying a fresh claim on his purse? Much practice in reading the faces and deportment of such men made it pretty clear to the detective that Jackson's course of action respecting the young man and his money was not yet decided upon in his own mind; that he was still perplexed and irresolute, and hence

the apparent contradiction in his words and acts. Rogers at length dropped asleep, with his head upon one of the tables; Jackson sank into a sullen silence; the noisy room grew quiet, and O'Brien departed. He was impressed with a belief that Jackson entertained some sinister design against his lodgers, and determined to acquaint them with his suspicions. For this purpose Mr. Morgan, the druggist, who had a customer living near Jackson's house, undertook to invite them to tea on pretense that he had heard of a business that might suit them when they received their fortune. The detective thought it would not be difficult to glean from them some interesting and suggestive particulars concerning the ways, means, practices, outgoings and incomings of their landlord's household.

Four more days passed and O'Brien was becoming tired of the business, when about five o'clock in the afternoon the druggist galloped up to his door on a borrowed horse, jumped off, and with a face as white as snow, burst out as he hurried into the room where Jim was sitting:

"Henry Rogers has been poisoned by his wife!"

"Poisoned!" demanded the startled officer.

"Yes, poisoned; although, thanks to my being on the spot, I think he will recover. But I must get Dr. Edwards. I will tell you all when I return."

The promised "all" was this: Morgan was passing slowly by Jackson's house, in the hope of seeing either Mr. or Mrs. Rogers, when the servant, Jane Riddet, ran out and asked him to come in, as their lodger had been taken suddenly ill. The surface of his body was cold as death, and the druggist discovered that he had been poisoned with sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), a quantity of which Morgan had sold a few days previously to Mrs. Rogers. When purchasing it, she said Mr. Jackson wanted it to apply to some warts that annoyed him. Morgan fortunately knew the proper remedy, and asked Jackson, who was in the room, and seemingly very anxious and flurried, to bring some soap, a solution of which he proposed to give to the man. The servant went to find Mrs. Rogers, who had left about ten minutes before, having first made the tea in which the poison had been taken. Jackson hurried out of the apartment, but was gone so long that Morgan, becoming impatient, scraped a quantity of plaster off the wall, and administered it with the best effect. At last Jackson came back, and said there was unfortunately not a particle of soap in the house.

A few minutes afterwards the young wife, alarmed at the servant's report, flew into the room in an agony of alarm and grief. Simulated alarm, crocodile grief, Mr. Morgan said; for there could be no doubt that she had attempted to destroy her husband. Mr. Jackson, on being questioned, peremptorily denied that he had ever asked Mrs. Rogers to procure sulphuric acid for him, or had received any from her—a statement which so astonished the young woman that she instantly fainted. The upshot was that Mrs. Rogers was taken into custody and lodged in prison.

The news flew through Farnham like wildfire. In a few minutes it was upon everybody's tongue: the hints of the quarrelsome life the young couple led, artfully spread by Jackson, were recalled, and no doubt was entertained of her guilt. The detective had no doubt either; but his conviction was not that of the Farnham people. This then was the solution of the struggle O'Brien had seen going on in Jackson's mind; this the realization of the dark thought which Jim had imperfectly read in the sinister glances of his restless eyes. He had intended to destroy both the husband and wife—the one by poison, and the other by the law! Doubtless, then, the seven thousand five hundred dollars had been obtained, and this was the man's infernal device for retaining it! The officer went over with Morgan early the next morning to see the patient, and found that, thanks to the prompt antidote administered, and Dr. Edwards's subsequent active treatment, he was rapidly recovering. The still suffering young man would not believe for a moment in his wife's guilt. Jim watched the looks and movements of Jackson attentively—a scrutiny which he by no means appeared to relish.

"See here," said Jim, suddenly addressing Riddet, the servant, "how did it happen that you had no soap in your house yesterday evening?"

"No soap?" echoed the woman with a stare of surprise. "Why——"

"No—no soap," hastily broke in her boss with loud and menacing emphasis. "There was not a morsel in the house. I bought some afterwards in Farnham."

The cowed and bewildered woman slunk away. O'Brien was more than satisfied; and judging by Jackson's countenance, which changed beneath his look to the color of the wall against which he stood, he surmised that Jim was satisfied.

O'Brien's conviction, however, was not evidence, and he felt that he should need even more than good fortune to bring the black crime home to the real perpetrator. For the present, at all events, he must keep silence—a resolve he found hard to persist in at the examination of the accused wife, an hour or two afterwards, before the country magistrates. Jackson had hardened himself to iron, and gave his lying evidence with ruthless self-possession. He had not ordered Mrs. Rogers to purchase sulphuric acid; had not received any from her. In addition also to his testimony that she and her husband were always quarreling, it was proved by a respectable person that angry words had passed between them on the evening previous to the day the criminal offense was committed, and that foolish, passionate expressions had escaped her about wishing to be rid of such a drunken loafer. This evidence, combined with the medical testimony, appeared so conclusive to the magistrates,

that spite of the unfortunate woman's protestations of innocence, and the agony which convulsed her, and almost choked her utterance, she was remanded to prison till that day week, when the magistrates informed her she would be again brought up for the merely formal completion of the depositions, and be then fully committed on the capital charge.

The detective was worried, and for two or three hours walked about the quiet neighborhood of Farnham, revolving a hundred fragments of schemes for bringing the truth to light, without arriving at any feasible conclusion. One only mode of procedure seemed to offer, and that but dimly, a hope of success. It was, however, the best O'Brien could hit upon, and he directed his steps toward Farnham prison. Sarah Purday had not yet, he remembered, been removed to the county jail at Guildford.

"Is Sarah Purday," Jim asked the warden, "more reconciled to her position than she was?"

"She's just the same—bitter as gall, and venomous as a viper."

"Just step into her cell," continued O'Brien, "upon some excuse or other, and carelessly drop a hint that if she could prevail upon Jackson to get her brought by habeas corpus before a judge in New York, there could be no doubt of her being bailed."

The man stared, but after a few words of pretended explanation, went off to do as requested. He was not long gone. "She's delighted," he said; "and must have pen, ink, and paper without a moment's delay!"

These were supplied; and Jim was soon in possession of her letter, couched cautiously, but more peremptorily than the former one. Of course it did not reach its destination. She passed the next day in a state of feverish impatience; and no answer returning, wrote again, her words this time conveying an evident though indistinct threat. O'Brien refrained from visiting her till two days had passed, and found her, as he expected, eaten up with fury. She glared at him as he entered the cell like a chained tigress.

"You appear vexed," said Jim, "no doubt, because Jackson declines to get you bailed. He ought not to refuse such a trifling service, considering all things."

"All what things?" replied the woman, eying the detective fiercely.

"That you know best, though I could make a shrewd guess."

"What do you guess, and what are you driving at?"

"I will deal frankly with you, Sarah Purday. In the first place, you must plainly see that your friend Jackson has cast you off—abandoned you to your fate; and that fate will be, there can be no doubt, a term in Sing Sing."

"Well," she impatiently snarled, "suppose so; what then?"

"This—that you can help yourself in this difficulty by helping me."

"How?"

"In the first place, give me the means of convicting Jackson of having received the stolen property."

"Ha! How do you know that?"

"Oh, I know it very well—as well almost as you do. But this is not my chief object; there is another, far more important one," and Jim ran over the incidents relative to the attempt at poisoning. "Now," he resumed, "tell me, if you will, your opinion on this matter."

"That it was Jackson who administered the poison, and certainly not the young woman," she replied, with vengeful promptness.

"My own conviction! This, then, is my proposition: you are sharp-witted, and know this fellow's habits and propensities thoroughly—I, too, have heard something of them—and it strikes me that you could suggest some plan, some device grounded on that knowledge, whereby the truth might come to light."

The woman looked fixedly at the detective for some time without speaking. As Jim meant fairly and honestly by her, he could bear her gaze without flinching.

"Supposing I could assist you," she at last said, "how would that help me?"

"It would help you greatly. You would no doubt be still convicted of the burglary, for the evidence is irresistible; but if in the meantime you should have been instrumental in saving the life of an innocent person, and of bringing a great criminal to justice, there cannot be a question that the court's mercy would be extended to you, and the punishment be merely nominal."

"If I were sure of that," she murmured, with a burning scrutiny in her eyes, which were still fixed upon O'Brien's countenance—"if I were sure of that! But you are misleading me."

"Believe me, I am not. I speak in perfect sincerity. Take time to consider the matter. I will look in again in about an hour; and do not forget that it is your sole and last chance."

The officer left her, and did not return till more than three hours had passed away. Sarah Purday was pacing the cell in a frenzy.

"I thought you had forgotten me. Now," she continued with rapid vehemence, "tell me, on your word and honor as a man, do you truly believe that if I can assist you it will avail me with the judge?"

"I am positive it will."

"Well, then, I will assist you. First, then, Jackson was a confederate with Dawkins and myself, and received the plate and jewelry, for which he paid us less thon one-third of value."

"Rogers and his wife were not, I hope, cognizant of this?"

"Certainly not; but Jackson's wife and the woman-servant, Riddet, were. I have been turning the other business over in my mind," she continued, speaking with increasing emotion and

rapidity; "and, believe me, Mr. O'Brien, if you can, that it is not solely a selfish motive which induces me to aid in saving Mary Rogers from destruction. I was once myself a—— Ah, God!"

Tears welled up to the fierce eyes, but they were quickly brushed away, and she continued somewhat more calmly: "You have heard, I dare say, that Jackson has a strange habit of talking in his sleep?"

"I have, and that he once consulted Morgan as to whether there was any cure for it. It was that which partly suggested——"

"It is, I believe, a mere fancy of his," she interrupted; "or at any rate the habit is not so frequent as he believes. His deaf wife cannot undeceive him, and he takes care never even to doze except in her presence only."

"This is not, then, so promising as I hoped."

"Have patience. It is full of promise, as we will manage. Every evening Jackson frequents a gambling-house, where he almost invariably wins small sums at cards—by crooked work, no doubt, as he never drinks there. When he returns home at about ten o'clock, his habit is to go into the front-parlor, where his wife is, sure to be sitting at that hour. He carefully locks the door, helps himself to a glass of booze, and falls asleep in his arm-chair; and there they both doze away, sometimes till one o'clock—always till past twelve."

"Well; but I do not see how——"

"Hear me out, if you please." Jackson never wastes a light to drink or sleep by, and at this time of the year there will be no fire. If he speaks to his wife, he does not expect her, from her wooden deafness, to answer him. Do you begin to perceive my drift?"

"Upon my word, I do not."

"What—if upon awakening Jackson finds that his wife is Mr. O'Brien, and that Mr. O'Brien relates to him all that he has disclosed in his sleep; that Mr. Hursley's plate is buried in the garden near the lilac-tree; that he, Jackson, received two thousand dollars six weeks ago of Henry Rogers's fortune, and that the money is now in the recess on the top-landing, the key of which is in his breast-pocket; that he was the receiver of the plate stolen from a house at Waterbury a year ago, and sold in Chicago for $2,560. All this hurled at him," continued the woman, with wild energy and flashing eyes, "what else might not a bold, quick-witted man make him believe he had confessed, revealed in his brief sleep?"

Jim had been sitting on a bench, but as these rapid disclosures burst from her lips, and he saw the use to which they might be turned, he rose slowly to his feet, lifted up, as it were, by the energy of her fiery words.

"God reward you!" he exclaimed, shaking both her hands in his. "You have, unless I blunder, rescued an innocent woman from the electric chair. I see it all. Good-by."

"Mr. O'Brien!" she exclaimed, in a changed, palpitating voice, as he was passing, "when all is done, you will not forget me?"

"I will not, I swear, by my own hopes of mercy in the hereafter."

At a quarter past nine that evening the detective, accompanied by two Farnham constables, knocked at the door of Jackson's house. Henry Rogers had been removed to the village. The door was opened by the woman-servant, and they went in.

"I have a warrant for your arrest, Jane Riddet," said Jim, "as an accomplice in the plate-stealing the other day. There, don't scream, but listen to me." He then intimated the terms upon which alone she could have mercy. She tremblingly promised compliance; and after placing the constable outside, in concealment, but within hearing, Jim proceeded to the parlor, secured the terrified old woman, and confined her safely in a distant out-house.

"Now, Riddet," said he, "quick with one of the old lady's gown, a shawl, a cap, etcetera." These were brought, and he returned to the parlor. It was a roomy apartment, with small, diamond-paned windows, and just then but very faintly illumined by the starlight. There were two large high-backed easy-chairs, and he prepared to take possession of the one recently vacated by Jackson's wife.

"You must perfectly understand," were his parting words to the trembling servant, "that we intend standing no nonsense with either you or your employer. You cannot escape; but if you let Mr. Jackson in as usual, and he enters this room as usual, no harm will befall you; if otherwise, you will unquestionably go to prison. Now go."

O'Brien's toilet was not so easily accomplished as he thought it would be. The gown did not meet at the back by about a foot; that, however, was of little consequence, as the high chair concealed the deficiency; neither did the shortness of the sleeves matter much, as the ample shawl could be made to hide his great length of arm; but the skirt was scarcely lower than a Highlander's, and how he was to crook his booted legs up out of view, even in that gloomy starlight, he could hardly imagine. The cap also was far too small; still, with a kerchief in his hand, his mustache might be concealed: Jim was still fidgeting with these arangements when Jackson knocked at his door. The servant admitted him without remark, and he presently entered the room, carefully locked the door, and slumped down in the easy-chair.

He was silent for a few moments, and then he bawled out: "She'll swing for it, they say—swing for it, d'ye hear, old gal? But no, of course she don't—deafer and deafer, deafer and deafer every day. It'll be a precious good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others."

He then got up and went to a closet. Jim could hear—for he dared not look up—by the

jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous sleeping-draught. Then he reseated himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that the officer could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping brain labored with oppressive images; but the mutterings, as before he slept, were confused and indistinct. At length—half an hour had perhaps thus passed—the troubled moanings became for a few moments clearly audible.

"Hey!" he burst out, "how are you off for soap? But no, no. Wall-plaster! Who could have thought it? But for that I—I—— What do you stare at me so for, you infernal fool? You—you——"

Again the dream-utterance sank into indistinctiveness, and O'Brien comprehended nothing more.

About half-past twelve o'clock he awoke, rose, stretched himself, and said:

"Come, old woman, let's to bed; it's getting chilly here."

Jim did not answer, and he again went towards the closet. "Here's a candle-end will do for us," he muttered. A lucifer-match was drawn across the wall, he lit the candle, and stumbled towards O'Brien, for he was scarcely yet awake. "Come, gal, come! Why, you're sleeping like a dead one! Wake up—— Ah! murder! thieves! mur—"

O'Brien's grasp was on the crook's throat; but there was no occasion to use force; he recognized Jim, and nerveless, paralyzed, sank on the floor incapable of motion much less of resistance, and could only gaze in O'Brien's face in dumb affright and horror.

"Give me the key of the recess up-stairs, which you carry in your breast-pocket. In your sleep you have revealed everything," O'Brien roared at him.

An inarticulate shriek of terror replied. Jim was silent; and presently he gasped: "Wha-at, what have I said?"

"That Mr. Hursley's plate is buried in the garden by the lilac-tree; that you have received five thousand dollars belonging to the man you tried to poison; that you netted twenty-five hundred by the plate stolen at Waterbury; that you dexterously contrived to slip sulphuric acid into the tea unseen by Henry Rogers's wife."

The shriek or scream was repeated, and he was for several moments speechless with consternation.

"It is true—it is true!" he hurriedly ejaculated; "useless—useless—useless to deny it. But you are alone, and poor, poor, no doubt. Five thousand dollars!—more, more than that; ten thousand dollars in gold—gold, all in gold—I will give you to spare me, to let me escape!"

"Where did you hide the soap on the day when you confess you tried to poison Henry Rogers?"

"In the recess you spoke of. But think! Ten thousand dollars in gold—all in gold——"

As he spoke, Jim suddenly grasped his hands, pressed them together, and in another instant the snapping of a handcuff pronounced his answer. A yell of anguish burst from the miserable man, so loud and piercing that the constables outside hurried to the outer door, and knocked hastily for admittance. They were let in by the servant, and in half an hour afterwards the three prisoners—Jackson, his wife, and Jane Riddet—were safe in prison.

Mary Rogers was arraigned on the following day, and, on O'Brien's evidence, discharged. Her husband has since proved a better and a wiser man. Jackson was convicted and sentenced for life. There was no moral doubt of his guilt, but the legal proof of it rested solely on his own hurried confession, which counsel would no doubt have contended ought not to be received. His wife and the servant were leniently dealt with.

Sarah Purday was convicted, and sentenced. O'Brien did not forget his promise; and a statement of the previously narrated circumstances having been drawn up and forwarded to the governor, a pardon, after some delay, was issued.

BUDDHIST TREASURES SHOWN

DAIGOJI, the head temple of the Ono school of the Shingon sect of Buddhism in Japan, situated not far from Kyoto, in the Uji district, suggests by its name its relation to Emperor Daigo, who reigned from 898 to 930. Its name originated from the fact that its founder, Abbot Shoho, came to this village and exclaimed after he drank from an old farmer's spring: "The water was as good as daigo!" It is a Buddhist word meaning an unctuous rich liquor. The posthumous title of the emperor must have originated from his devotion to the temple and its founder, as well as from his burial in the temple grounds.

Rare specimens of Buddhist art and literature, carefully preserved as the temple treasures of Daigoji, and exhibited recently at Tokio through the efforts of Dr. Katsumi Koroita, of the editorial staff of historiographical materials in Tokio Imperial University, bring the story of the temple down to 300 years ago. Among the peculiar paintings in the temple are the "flower viewing screens," pictures of horse training and a collection of fan paintings.

In the literary collection there is an illustrated copy of the third roll of "Scripture of Cause and Effect of the Past and the Present." It was made nearly 1,200 years ago, but the colors in the pictures are as fresh as the present-day pigments. This scroll is considered the oldest thing extant in Japan of colored art on paper.

Mrs. Witherton's Dilemma

By GEORGE SYLVESTER

I HAD been absent from detective headquarters on sick leave for some three or four weeks prior to the murder of Eliza Wood—a tragic incident in the domestic history of New York; so powerfully did the barbarous deed, and the mystery which shrouded its perpetration, interest and excite me, that I determined to make inquiries at the scene of the murder.

The distance from my dwelling was not more than a mile; but I had not proceeded half way when I found that my strength was feebler than my will, and I was compelled to rest in a hotel for a time before I could recover sufficient strength to return home.

During my absence, which could scarcely have exceeded an hour and a half, a pressing message had been received from a Mrs. Witherton, of Washington Square, requesting to see me immediately. I dispatched an answer to the effect that I could not call upon her till the next day at one o'clock at the earliest, and if the affair was urgent she had better, therefore, apply at the Central Office for the services of another officer.

I had a slight professional acquaintance with this lady. I knew more of her personal history than she was aware of, and was desirous of acquiring a still more intimate knowledge. It was, consequently, with regret that I felt myself compelled to refuse compliance with her message, and that regret was much increased upon being curtly told by the housekeeper, when I did call at Washington Square, that Mrs. Witherton required, for the present, neither the services of parsons or policemen.

"Mrs. Witherton has been ill, then?" I asked the housekeeper.

"Yes, ill of blue devils—which of late will only yield to *spirituous* remedies. You know what I mean?" replied the housekeeper, tartly.

The petulant, unbecoming tone and manner of the woman surprised me. I had long known Mrs. Jameson. Only three months previous she had been rescued by the active kindness of Mrs. Witherton from a very painful position. I could not understand her, as, till now, she had always spoken of her mistress in the highest terms. It was plain that she was much excited and disturbed in mind. She had invited me into a front apartment, and no sooner had we entered it than she industriously set about dusting, for no other purpose than to conceal from me, as much as possible, her pallid face, and red, tear-swollen eyes.

"It is very odd," said I, "that a young widow in good circumstances should be subjected to such nervous alarm."

"Oh dear, no, not at all," rejoined Mrs. Jameson. "A young widow in fine circumstances is just the sort that the preying people get hold of first, and hold on to like grim death. Mrs. Witherton turned dreadfully religious before I entered her service, and now she's getting worse and worse every day; pokes about to all the churches in the neighborhood, particularly when there's any horrors going on such as funeral sermons, and the like. Nothing," added Mrs. Jameson, "does her real good, when she's in one of her tragedy tantrums, but her child, and stimulant, which she has lately taken to. The child makes her weep and sob herself to sleep; and booze has the same effect."

But your mistress could not have gone to hear a funeral sermon in the middle of the day before yesterday."

"Certainly not at a chuch," was the quick reply, "but at a great deal worse place. You, of course, know," continued Mrs. Jameson, her voice sinking and trembling with sympathetic awe; "you, of course, know all about the murder of that unfortunate cabaret girl, Eliza Wood. Well, what must Mrs. Witherton take it into her head to do after reading the paper till she looked like a ghost, than have a taxi brought to the door, and order the chauffeur to drive her to where the body was to be seen. Yes, and she managed to see it too; and didn't she go on when she came back about death, murder, and everlasting fire. She's a kind, sensible lady," added Mrs. Jameson, "when she's not driven mad by religious terrors."

"Does a man of the name of Rook sometimes visit Mrs. Witherton?"

"Yes, and generally stays about five minutes, which is five minutes too long. For hours afterwards Mrs. Witherton's face is the color of a sheet, and she trembles in every limb as if smitten with ague. I heard," said the housekeeper in a low voice, after a few moments' silence, as if she had at last taken courage to speak out her secret thought—"I heard my cousin say, when I visited her about ten days ago, that—that Mr. Witherton—her husband—died—suddenly. Charlotte had been told so," continued Mrs. Jameson; "I am sure of that; but I said at once I could take my Bible-oath there was nothing in it, for a better-hearted woman does not live than Mrs. Witherton. It's nothing, can be nothing but religion, I am certain of it."

"You would take your oath that there is nothing in what?"

"Why, of course," stammered the woman, flushing, "why of—of course, nothing in Mr.

Witherton having died a sudden or even a violent death."

"It is quite true that Mr. Witherton died a sudden and violent death by his own hand."

"Blessed be God for that!" exclaimed the housekeeper. "I don't mean that, you know," she added quickly—"merely that I am overjoyed to hear—to be made quite sure that—that—but I never really felt a doubt about the matter. Had I done so this house should not have held me another hour for all the gold in the Treasury."

"The coroner and jury felt no doubt," said I. "Their unanimous verdict was suicide."

"Thank God!" sobbed the woman. "Poor, dear lady! It's all plain to me. She has never recovered from the shock; and I understand now about sudden death, murder, and fire eternal! She believes that her husband is gone to perdition, and refuses to be comforted! Oh, what an ungrateful wretch I was to speak as I did of the failings, the excusable failings, of the kindest mistress in the world! I am ashamed, thoroughly ashamed, of myself. Yes, yes," went on the housekeeper, continuing to sob and pace to and fro with excitement, "yes, it is all plain, too plain now—even her frantic weeping at sight of her child. He reminds her of the father—of the lost father, as she believes. Poor broken-hearted lady! And I, conceited fool! could dare suspect, since what I heard, that those were tears of guilt!"

I rose to go away, but was sharply stopped by the housekeeper with:

"One moment, if you please. What of that Mr. Rook?"

"What of that Mr. Rook?" I echoed, hardly determined what answer to make. "Well, of Rook, I have to say, that if you can manage, the next time he visits here, to have him secretly dogged to his home, I shall be obliged."

"I will take care that shall be done," said Mrs. Jameson; "but that which I meant to ask was why his brief visits should so distress Mrs. Witherton."

"I almost wish you had not asked the question, as not to answer it would fill your mind with doubt and suspicion. I will tell you all I know of Rook's connection with Witherton's death. The unfortunate suicide had conceived a jealousy—a furious but, as I firmly believe, a groundless jealousy—of Rook, which caused the unhappy husband to take his own life!"

"A groundless jealousy!" exclaimed Mrs. Jameson. "You are sure a groundless jealousy?"

"I firmly believe that Witherton had no real, absolute cause of jealousy."

"Well, that is much. Still the appearance of evil was not, perhaps, avoided with sufficient care; and, in that case, I was not altogether wrong when imagining I detected the fires of remorse in those hot, burning tears."

Mrs. Witherton's bell rang, and shaking hands with the warm-hearted, impulsive housekeeper, I left the house less satisfied than she that I had fathomed the true sources of the morbid restlessness of mind which was driving Mrs. Witherton to the degradation of drink.

Laura Woodward was a third or fourth-rate actress and dancer. Tastes differ, but I do not think many persons would have held her to be strictly handsome. Her figure was, however, perfect, her manners engaging, and her ballad-singing charming in its expressive simplicity, rather than by the quality of her voice.

This dangerous young person attended a ball. When dancing commenced she was amongst the company, and soon attracted and fixed the attention of Charles Witherton. This young man—he was about twenty-six years of age—had succeeded, at his father's death, to a city hotel business, the net profits of which were said to reach several thousands per annum. Being an only child, he had also inherited the whole of the personal estate, which amounted to a large sum.

Charles Witherton was, therefore, a good catch for almost any girl; and how infinitely more so to Laura Woodward, a girl in poor circumstances. No one, then, can blame her for using all her charms and graces for the enthrallment of so desirable a captive, and the result was that the susceptible young hotel-keeper found himself jazzed and two-stepped out of his heart and senses almost before he knew they were in any real danger. The wedding took place within a week of the ball.

He gave directions to prepare a settlement which would secure to his wife, should she survive him, all he might die possessed of, with the remainder to their children, should there be any. This settlement was executed the day before the marriage.

The match proved to be a most unhappy one. Mrs. Witherton was about as much fit to be mistress of a hotel as captain of a tugboat. A deficiency in that respect would not, however, have been regretted by her husband, had she been contented to spend his money, dress splendidly, live in idleness and luxury, and care for no one's admiration but his own. This last very reasonable condition Mrs. Witherton could not submit to. She was fond of the admiration of men, and delighted to parade the homage paid to her by lazy society idlers—to flaunt the flatteries of which she was the object, in her husband's eyes. This utterly reprehensible conduct enraged him. Her married life seemed to have been a continuous flirtation, and nothing more, with every fool that came in her way. In one instance only did it at all appear that she had felt the slightest regard for any one of those whose homage she listened to and encouraged.

Robert Rook was the man upon whom Witherton's suspicions were finally fixed. Who or what this Rook was nobody exactly knew, except that he dressed well, kept late hours, boasted of being intimately acquainted with members of the aristocracy, and paid his bills with regu-

larity at Witherton's hotel, where he had, before the landlord's marriage, taken up his permanent abode. He was not bad-looking, but one of the vulgarest, most blustering bullies I ever met. Mrs. Witherton was not of that opinion, and there was no question that she had been deceived by the pretense and swagger of the fellow. Inadvertently she had used expressions which, to Witherton's jaundiced apprehension, suggested a growing hope that her husband's failing health would one day enable her to contract a second marriage much more to her taste than the first. The irrevocable money settlement exasperated Witherton's jealous fury. He told a sympathizing confidant that the revelries of his wife with Rook after his own death haunted his thoughts by day and his dreams by night.

Witherton had often been heard to say he would destroy himself, and towards the tenth month of his wedded life the suicide was accomplished. It chanced that I was the first person in the chamber of death when the terrible discovery was made.

This occurred at about eight o'clock on a dull, wintry morning. Witherton was a very early riser. His non-appearance excited surprise. When it was found that no answer could be obtained by the loudest knocking at his door, it was burst open. A frightful spectacle presented itself. The miserable man had deliberately undressed himself, got into bed, and then shot himself.

It struck me as something strange the man should have taken the trouble to take off his clothes, fold them up, settle himself snugly in bed, and carefully extinguish the electric light when about to destroy himself. Further search afforded proof that he had intended to take poison, and must have changed his mind at the last moment. On a chair close by the bed there stood a corked and sealed vial, filled with arsenious acid, labeled "poison" in large letters. The name of Mr. Benson, the druggist at whose shop it had been purchased, was also affixed. Upon application to Mr. Benson it was ascertained that the poison had been obtained late in the evening, two days previously, by Witherton himself, who had given the youth that waited on him his true name and address. The clerk described Witherton's clothing and identified the corpse as that of the man he had sold arsenious acid. A singular circumstance was that an unfinished note, in the deceased's handwriting, was found upon a dressing-table, addressed to the "Vile Traitress," his wife, in which the writer exultingly intimated that he had at last hit upon a mode of defeating her hopes by selling all off, and——"

Here the note abruptly ended; but a sufficient interpretation was supplied by evidence that Witherton had, during the previous week, spoken openly of an intention to dispose of all he possessed, and emigrate to France, or a more distant country. It was, moreover, proved that the unfortunate man had only the day previous to his death called upon an agent and given him instructions to advertise the sale of his lease and general effects.

The general evidence seemed to leave no doubt that Witherton's mind had been completely unhinged; that the purpose of one day was turned awry by the feverish caprice of the next; finally, that the wretched man had destroyed himself during an excess of frenzied jealousy. So, at least, the jury unhesitatingly decided.

I silently dissented from that verdict, though I should have found it very difficult, if not impossible, to give a valid reason for that dissent. There was a second door to the murdered man's bedroom, which was locked, and no key could be found. Ingress might have been noiselessly obtained through that door, whilst the man slept, by any one that had possessed himself or herself of the key, which would be carefully concealed after relocking the door from the outside. Still this was but a slight peg to hang so horrible a doubt upon, especially in the face of the druggist's evidence, proving Witherton's determination to destroy himself.

The tragical death of her husband seemed to have prostrated Mrs. Witherton. She was not examined before the inquest, nor was Rook, though his name, in connection with hers and that of the deceased, was frequently mentioned in the jury-room. I minutely searched both his and her sleeping apartments, but nothing was found to give color to the dim and vague suspicion I entertained.

About three months after her husband's death Mrs. Witherton gave birth to a son; and I was told that from that time a great moral change for the better was observed in her life. The hotel was disposed of, and she removed with her child to a quiet house. She had sedulously shunned Rook since the first day of her widowhood, though it was conjectured, from words he had been heard to let drop, that she would find it difficult to ultimately shake him off. When I had occasion to call upon Mrs. Jameson, a few weeks after her engagement, she could speak in good terms of her mistress, and I forebore to press her with unwarranted queries.

Nothing more transpired for some little time, during which I was engaged in secretly watching the goings to and fro of a man, whom a shadowy suspicion rested upon that he was the assassin of Eliza Wood, the cabaret singer. He was usually taken for a foreigner and had a reputation, amongst those who knew him, of being an eccentric but devout man, and was, I found, a regular attendant at the Rev. Robert Montgomery's Baptist Church.

Just at that time intelligence was brought to the New York newspapers of the death of the Rev. James Hart, a young and gifted missionary, who had been murdered at one of the Sandwich Islands, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Having been well known to the major part of Montgomery's congregation, it was natural that

his death should cause much excitement amongst them.

It was accordingly given out that a funeral sermon for Hart would be preached on the next Sunday evening. I determined to be present, and in such a position as would enable me to closely scan the countenance of the man I was set to watch during the harrowing details of the murder, and terrific denunciations of the murderer, sure to be poured forth by the reverend orator. If, I argued, guilty creatures sitting at a play have, as it is said, been so wrought upon by the cunning of the scene as to confess their misdeeds, surely the Rev. Montgomery's dramatic eloquence would call up some tell-tale sign, some outward manifestation of guilt, if guilty the man really be.

The church was crowded, my man present, and I conveniently placed for observation. The sermon was unquestionably a telling one, and greatly affected the auditory. Keenly I watched the suspected man whilst the preacher detailed the circumstances attending the murder. The calm slumber of the victim, who had lain down to rest; the stealthy approach of the assassin, starting at his own shadow cast by the lamp clutched in his trembling hand—finally, the consummation of the deed! All this, with much more, told amazingly; hundreds were in tears, ladies sobbed aloud, and my man wept as plentifully as any one—genuine tears of compassion; and my suspicions touching him were at an end.

Next followed, with gathering vehemence, a picture or prophecy of the fearful retribution which would probably overtake the murderer in this world, and whose soul, if a miracle of mercy were not wrought to save him, the just and Omnipotent God would speed into eternal fire——

A scream so wild, so piercing, arose up at these words from the midst of the congregation, that the preacher's utterance was stilled as by a thunderbolt. Hundreds of the audience sprang to their feet in bewildered consternation. When one recovered sufficient presence of mind to look in the direction the scream had seemed to come from, it was seen that a lady, in deep mourning, was upon her feet, gesticulating. Another glance, and I recognized that white, spectral face, those flaming eyes! It was Mrs. Witherton! Struck to the heart by the preacher's anathema, she had barely sufficient power to enunciate in one appalling scream the terror which convulsed her soul and body, and was then vainly striving to speak—foam, presently tinged with blood, bubbled from her lips with the mightiness of the effort. I pushed forward, but before I could reach her she had fallen in a fit.

Hastily explaining that I knew the lady and her place of residence, I was assisted to carry her out to the nearest druggist's for restoratives. These having been administered with success, she was placed in a taxi and driven to Washingington Square, and as speedily as possible attended by a physician. He said the patient was in great danger—a lung blood-vessel had burst, and that absolute quiet was indispensable.

Before leaving that night I arranged with Mrs. Jameson to send for me without delay should Mrs. Witherton intimate a wish to see me; and to send whether such a wish were expressed or not, before she died, if, as the physician seemed to fear, her death was near at hand. As I was going out the housekeeper, who was half distracted with fright, placed a paper in my hand; it was Rook's address, which she had already managed to obtain. It was well to have it, though I could not, for the present, act against him.

On the fifth day after the scene in the church a note came, briefly stating that Mrs. Witherton, though against the physician's advice, insisted upon seeing me and a reverend gentleman whom she named.

When I reached Washington Square the clergyman was already with Mrs. Witherton. She was calmer, more composed, and much less feeble than I had feared would be the case. A strong determination to relieve herself, at all hazards, of the hideous secret which was fast sinking her into the grave, no doubt helped to support her. The clergyman was also a notary, and Mrs. Witherton's confession, or statement—she having first solemnly declared that she believed herself to be dying—was taken in legal form. At a sign from her mistress, Mrs. Jameson remained in the room the while—an unfortunate circumstance, as it proved. The material parts only of Mrs. Witherton's statement need be given.

Mrs. Witherton admitted that she had thoughtlessly, and wickedly flirted with Rook from an inordinate love of admiration and flattery, and received attentions from him which no modest wife would have permitted. She, however, solemnly declared that her fault, or, more properly, crime, went no further than that. The death of her husband by his own hand flashed upon her as with the glare of hell-fire and burnt into her soul a consuming sense of blood-guiltiness. During the first months of her widowhood, Rook, whom she had peremptorily refused to see, persecuted her with letters, most of which were successful demands for money. She must have felt a vague dread of the violent temper of the man, coupled with a humbling consciousness that she had compromised herself with him. The birth of a son opened a new vista of life before her, and increased the growing aversion she felt for Rook. She sold the hotel business, and went to reside in Washington Square, with the resolution of being a faithful steward of the father's wealth for his child, and for that child's sake no longer to submit to Rook's insolent extortion. Enraged by the stoppage of the supplies, Rook began throwing out hints in his letters respecting "the adamantine chain" which linked her fate with his. A subsequent letter sneered at the miserable folly of her pretended belief that "a bond of blood could be dissolved by a capricious woman's silly

tears." Terrified by the shadowy, formless specter working on her morbid imagination, Mrs. Witherton at length consented to see Rook, he refusing to be more explicit in writing "for both their sakes."

Rook came punctually at the appointed time, and, to the unutterable amazement and horror of the young widow, charged her with complicity with himself in the taking away of her husband's life! He declared that she had first framed the crime, and urged its commission; not, certainly, by direct words; nor did he himself admit in direct words that it was by his, Rook's, hand that Witherton had perished. The truth, however, was not for that the less a truth in both cases. "Did you not," the man went on to say, "confide to me the consternation you felt at hearing that Witherton was about to sell his property and emigrate to the Old World? Did you not say, 'I shall be beggared, ruined if he is permitted to do that?' Did not your tone and look suggest that we should be foiled, ruined, if his purpose could not be frustrated, and did you not say that, except as a consequence of his death, there was no chance of its frustration?"

"I was stricken dumb," sobbed Mrs. Witherton at this stage of her confession; "it seemed that my flesh was turning to stone! Yet I could not but recognize a kind of distorted truth in much that he said."

"Did you not," continued Rook, "soon after that conversation, ask me for the key of my bedroom, which you remarked fitted the inner door of your husband's, which was locked, and the proper key mislaid or lost? The excuse framed by you was that you wished to obtain possession of a particular letter that your husband had intercepted. Yes, but what did your eye, what the mocking smile that played about your lips suggest?"

The man was silent—quite satisfied, no doubt, with the impression he had made. In some degree recovering her self-possession, and remembering the vial of arsenious acid found in the bedroom, Mrs. Witherton faintly asserted her belief "that Rook could not be the diabolical assassin he pretended that he was, much less that she herself had——

"Look here!" interrupted Rook, taking from his pocket a pair of bushy whiskers, and holding them on to his face. "Do you think that with these appliances, aided by your husband's wardrobe, which the key gave me free access to, it was difficult to personate Witherton by the dim lamp-light of an obscure druggist's shop? The poison was not made use of—there were difficulties in the way; a gun, his own, settled the affair, making you mistress of the money."

"I do not think," said Mrs. Witherton, "that I have ever been in my right mind since that terrible interview. I believed myself impelled to meet his demands, and a profound despair fell like a black curtain between me and all hope of peace in this world. You know the rest—the morbid fascination which murders and executions had over me; but you cannot know, no words can describe, the agony of an ever-present terror, which I vainly strove to combat by equally morbid fanatical exorcisms, and lately—so rapid has been my fall from self-respect—by the stimulant of drink."

The document was signed. Mrs. Witherton, whose fictitious strength was ebbing rapidly, murmured:

"Now, then, let justice be done on both of us," and fainted.

Criminal justice could have nothing to say to her, as the confession, exonerating herself from the alleged complicity in her husband's murder, could only be received as a whole. There was, however, enough in it to warrant the arrest of Rook; and it was with extreme disgust I heard that he had called while we were engaged upstairs, made inquiry as to what was going on, particularly as to who was with Mrs. Witherton, had received such answers as the garrulous housemaid could give, and hurried away.

He had been gone full half an hour, and when I reached his lodging the bird was flown. Search was made for him, and a large government reward offered for his apprehension. He was not to be found.

His doom was but postponed. Three years after his escape a communication was received from a judicial functionary at Brussels inclosing a paper drawn up in the handwriting of an American, who in Belgium had gone by the name of Thomason. He had, with another, been convicted of burglary and murder in Brussels, sentenced to the guillotine, and executed. The evening before he suffered, "having previously given proofs of contrition," he drew up the paper, which stated that he had murdered Witherton, without the instigation or complicity of any one else, and that the widow, Mrs. Witherton, was wholly guiltless of the crime.

Mrs. Witherton died several months before this exculpatory document reached New York. The fiery arrows of remorse had done their work, and, spite of abundant spiritual balm for hurt minds, she expired. The death of her little boy occurred about a fortnight before her own.

EGG WITHIN AN EGG

AN egg within an egg is the most recent freak reported in this community, according to Mrs. Will Sires of Sioux Falls, S. D. The egg, which is larger than a goose egg, has a soft shell and contains two yolks and a normal size egg with a hard shell. A Barred Plymouth hen was responsible for the freak, which is to be placed on exhibition in a local museum.

Their Wedding Tour

By LIZZIE HYER NEFF

"MISS MA'Y, oh, Miss Ma'y! Come an' see de cake. Hit's done iced now," called Aunt Mexico from the foot of the stairs.

Mary had just been trying on her gown and veil in her room, but she ran briskly down-stairs in response to the summons, buttoning her wrapper as she came, and followed Mexico into the dining-room where the huge bride's cake stood in state on a small table.

"O-h-h!" cried the girl, rapturously, "I never dreamed you could do it like that, Aunt Mex. Why, it must be three feet tall! One, two, three—there are seven cakes! And the icing!"

Mexico beamed with pleasure at the result of her skill.

"I was jes' boun' tuh hev yore cake higher nor dat Miss Lucy Page's. Yah! Dat yallah Nancy of Miss Page's is right good on de salads and cold meat an' dem Yankee fixin's, but w'en she put huh han' to cake—I'd jus' lak to be dar, honey, I would fur a fac'!"

Mary gave Mexico's fat arm an affectionate squeeze. "You're a genius, that's what you are, you dear old soul. I wish I could take you with me, to-morrow."

"Po' chile, I reckon yuh does, honey. But, la, yore ma, she couldn't git used tuh no other cookin' now, nohow. An' she might git one of them no 'count yallah Jeffasons."

"I'll let you stay, auntie, if you will work me one charm! I do want the rain to stop. I don't want to be the unhappy bride on whom the sun does not shine. And the rain has come down for so long."

"I ain't no voudoo, honey, an' I don't know no spell fur de weather, no way. But I do hope hit will clar up for yore sake an' all de res'. De ribber ain' gwine stan' no mo' foolishness now. I see de Bellflowah go down dis mohnin', look lak she walkin' on top de bank now."

"Oh, dear!" cried Mary, running to the front window. "I have been so busy I haven't looked out for three days. How high the river is! There is a flat-boat going down—on a level with the bank! Oh, how I wish it would clear up! What if the boat couldn't make a landing to-night?"

"Well, honey, ef de ribber don' rise no higher'n what it is now, dey won' be no damage," said Mexico, soothingly, as she walked away toward the kitchen, with a last proud glance at the white tower on the small table.

Mary stood at the window, with a face full of alarm, watching the yellow, turbid flood, that now and then splashed over its banks.

They had been so busy with the marriage preparations that no one had given much thought to the weather, and no one had been to town for two days. In fair weather the neighbors always stopped on their way back and forth, but the heavy rain kept everyone at home this week.

While she watched, a mud-spattered equestrian galloped down the road and stopped at the front gate, springing from his panting horse and entering hurriedly.

Mary met him at the front door.

"Why, Mr. Burnett!" she cried, "what brings you here in such a hurry?"

"I came to give you the warning, Miss Mary. The river's on an awful tear; risen two feet in thirty hours. Cincinnati's having a flood, and we'll have to get ready for the worst. It's going to rise here six feet, anyway, and no telling how much more."

"Oh, dear! And how soon?"

"Right away. No, I thank you! I must be going, for I promised to give the warning at every house along the river road. You'd better prepare for a siege."

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Burnett, a thousand times. I hardly know what to do about it. It is so sudden—and so awful!"

"There's more folks feels that a-way, but the river ain't a-waiting on them! Good-day to you," and the visitor was gone, leaving a pool of black water where he had stood.

Two women were coming down-stairs as Mary closed the door.

"Mother, Bettie, you don't know what an awful thing is going to happen!" she said, with quivering lips.

"Yes, we heard what he said, dear," replied the mother. "It is worse for you than any one else. If it would only hold off until to-morrow, I could be reconciled."

"What shall we do?" wailed Bettie, with white lips.

Her mother sat down in the hall chair and folded her hands. Bettie went to the parlor window and looked at the river. She gave a frightened cry, and: "It's coming over the bank now! Oh, mamma, what shall we do?"

Mrs. Galt went to the window, and turned away instantly.

"We must do something at once," she said, desperately. "I will send Mose to the quarry for some men to lift the furniture——"

"But, mamma, my wedding!" cried Mary.

"Perhaps the river would wait, if you asked it," said Mrs. Galt, bitterly. "I was born near the Ohio, and I know its moods. It is an awful thing when it gets out of the banks. Bettie, you go out to Mexico, and tell her to carry up food,

cooking utensils and dishes, to the kitchen bedroom. Tell her to get the meat and vegetables from the cellar, and as much canned fruit as possible. Mary, you be taking up the linen and the ornaments, and pin up the lace curtains at least four feet from the floor. Now, I will set John to looking after the stock, and then the carpets must be loosened."

It did not take Mose long to bring men from the quarry cabins, for they had been idle for two days on account of the flood in the quarry.

Then the pleasant, wide rooms of the old-fashioned house, now decked out in holiday attire for the wedding, presented a scene of vandalism distressing to the hearts of those who had worked so hard to arrange them. The heavy carpets were ruthlessly torn up, the piano was hoisted upon wooden chairs, the dining-table was extended to its full length, and piled with carpets and furniture half-way to the ceiling. The kitchen stove was carried up-stairs, and set up in a bed-room.

Within half an hour the house was unrecognizable. As Mary came through the hall with a pile of books in her arm, there was a vigorous clang of the old knocker, and then a young man entered.

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed, putting her books on the stairs, "isn't it awful!"

He took her in his arms and kissed her troubled face before he replied.

"You have had the warning, then?" he asked.

"Yes, and the cake is so lovely and my dress is so much prettier than Lucy Page's, and now—now everything is all spoiled, and nobody can come——"

"But we shall be married just the same, my darling. We still have each other. What can I do to help you? We cannot spare a minute until everything is safe."

"I think we need wood for the fires and the cook stove upstairs the most of anything now," she said, gathering up her books.

The young man started through the house, but before his footsteps ceased to sound on the bare floors, a thin stream of water crept under the front door and flowed down the hall. Before Mary had reached the top stair there was a sound as of waves lapping on the door, and ten minutes later a soft swish upon the low window panes showed the insidious flood rapping for entrance. In a few minutes the family had to retire to an upper room to escape the water on the lower floors, and there they sat in grave council over the sudden change of affairs.

"There is only one thing certain in this state of things," said George Campbell, "and that is that there must be a wedding here to-night. It is bad luck to put off weddings, and we don't want to begin life that way."

"How will you send for the minister?" asked Mrs. Galt.

"Where are your boats?"

"Oh, we forgot them! They are tied at the boathouse—if they are not washed away. Why didn't we think to have them brought over to the house?"

"But who thought it was going to rise so fast?" goaned the mistress.

There was still a great deal to do, and the water, after breaking the embankment, which was a low one, seemed to stand at a depth of two feet in the house. The men could get about in it with rubber boots, and were hard at work preparing for worse. The farming implements must be hoisted above danger, and food for the cattle must be secured. A bridge of planks was made down-stairs for the women, and they were soon busy carrying their household goods to the upper floor. There was an old, dim line on the outside of the house, almost coincident with the ceiling, that marked the line of the greatest flood on record, but that was forty years before. The occasional freshet had never since gone higher than the hall wainscot—about three feet. The afternoon wore slowly away, and toward evening Mary saw a number of buggies laden with guests for her wedding come down the hillside road, stop at the sight of the yellow flood that rushed with swift current over the river road, then turn and retrace their way to the safe highlands from which they came. George had gone for the minister, and an upper front chamber had been made as attractive as its superabundance of furniture would allow, for the wedding, but no guests came, and when six o'clock struck, George had not returned. The three women sat down forlornly to the hot supper that Mexico spread on the top of an ancestral chest in the back hall, but Mary was so anxious about her lover that she could not eat. After supper they sat at the front windows and watched the signs of destruction that began to float down the river. At nine o'clock they lay down with dread misgivings, but until nearly midnight there was no sound but the washing of the water against the walls, and the bumping of loose planks from the bridge in the hall against the wainscot.

At midnight someone shouted for Mrs. Galt and she answered from the window. To her surprise he seemed to be very little below her own level. "Hello!" said the visitor, and it was George's voice. "I have been helping up at the landing. Everything is under water there and the folks are moving up to the hill. They will have to camp out. We took the sick folks up to the stone school-house, and fixed them as well as we could. Don't you think you had better go up to your sister on the ridge? I have a boat here, and the water is going to be higher than it was ever known to be before."

"Oh, no, we are safe here and we have plenty of everything. We must stay by the place and the stock," said Mrs. Galt. "The water has come up fast, though. We were worried about you. Aren't you coming in?"

"I don't see how I can. The water is over the

front door and not up to the veranda roof. Are the horses tied in the stable? They are making a good deal of noise."

"I suppose they are. Do you think the water has reached them?"

"I will go and see," said the young man, and he paddled away.

Mrs. Galt remained at the window, looking with alarm at the rapidly rising water. A man in a queer little craft crept in over the front yard. "Sister Galt!" he called.

"Why, Brother Meeks, is that you?" she answered.

"Yes, sister. I remembered about the wedding, but at that hour we were all so busy in fighting the water that I could not come. This is the first moment that I have had. Are you all safe?"

"Oh, yes, and very comfortable. We could not have the wedding yet. It was a cruel time for this calamity to come, but I suppose we never could find the right time for misfortune."

George came around the house at this moment, and was greeted by the minister. "Ah, Mr. Meeks, you are just the man we want. Now it is not quite midnight, and if we can get the bride to appear, we shall be married yet to-day. Can you climb a post?"

"I am afraid not, under such disadvantages. But I can sit here and perform the ceremony if you and the young lady will come to the edge of the roof," said the minister.

George tied his boat to the corner column of the veranda, and began to climb to the roof. The girls had been aroused by the voices, and were ready to appear when he reached the top.

"I let the horses out," he said to Mrs. Galt. "They were up to their necks in water, and would have been drowned by morning. They can swim to the mountain now. The fences won't trouble them. I want to make sure of my wife before anything else happens. Come, Mary, here is the minister," and he drew her gently out upon the flat roof. Her mother and sister followed, and the young pair went to the edge where they could see Mr. Meeks. He had been unable to find a boat, and had made the perilous trip in a horse trough, where he now sat rocking on the high waves of the flood.

The sky was heavily overcast with clouds; there was no light save a lamp in the window; the stanch old house was rocking alarmingly, but the voice of the clergyman was none the less impressive as he pronounced the marriage ceremony over the young couple bending above him, and before the clock within struck twelve they were man and wife.

It was not a joyous wedding, nor were there attendant festivities, but the young husband drew his wife to his side with a whispered sentence, that made her feel that she had a protector in this hour of disaster. The rain began to fall again and Mrs. Galt insisted that Mr. Meeks should try to enter and stay until daylight. Accordingly he paddled around to the woodshed roof and climbed over it and through the kitchen attic, the water having risen within a few minutes so much that this was easily accomplished. Mexico had made a pot of hot coffee, and had an appetizing lunch ready for the tired and hungry adventurers. She had carried up the abundant delicacies that had been provided for the wedding, and she served some of these things now, saying that this was the only wedding supper the young folks would have. For a few minutes, in the warmth and cheer and lively talk, the dread situation was forgotten, but a crash below, a lingering, resonant crash, called every one's attention. "It's the piano," said Mrs. Galt. "It has been floating for a long time, and now it has bumped the ceiling. It crashed into the big mirror some time ago."

"Then everything down-stairs is ruined," said Bettie.

"Oh, yes," returned her mother, calmly. "The only thing I ask now is to have our lives spared."

A hoarse, deep whistle rent the air very near the house, and the group looked wonderingly at each other.

"It's the boat going up," said George, "and she has come over here to avoid the current. It is fearfully swift in the river."

The lights of the boat had a friendly look as they passed, and for the time the feeling of desolation passed, but soon the darkness was unrelieved again. A few minutes later a great wave dashed against the house, that swayed it back and forth, and sent the cups on the impromptu table spinning to the floor. The little party looked at one another, with a white panic in each face. Could it mean—another wave struck them, and the room, tipped slightly backward, the occupants catching wildly at anything in reach, as they slid toward the wall. The third wave came, the last from the passing steamboat—the house wavered, tipped forward, then careened, and turned upon one side.

"To the roof! To the roof! Quick, before she gets out into the current!" shouted George, catching Mary and Bettie in his arms, as they were thrown in a heap against the bureau. The lamp had gone out in its fall, but the stove was overturned and its door had fallen open, though none of the brands had yet fallen out.

It was a wild struggle for the next few minutes, as the bewildered inmates groped in the dark for the roof ladder, and finding it by pure accident, for no one knows where to look for familiar objects in a house that has turned on its side, the panic-stricken people climbed out and clung to the railing along the ridge of the roof.

Fortunately the house was not drawn out into current, but gently wobbled down the road, lodging occasionally in a treetop or bumping against a building that still stood on its foundation. As

it tilted from side to side the furniture slid across the slanting floor with an ominous crash. Finally, after an hour or two, the building righted itself so that the shivering occupants, who had had no time to protect themselves against the rainy March night, could sit in the flat square inside the railing of the roof.

"The river has been rising fast above and spreading over the bottoms," George said. "and when it was crowded into our narrow valley it rose into this flood. As soon as we get down to the Point at Pennypacker's Bend, where there is a wide flat, we shall most likely strand, and we can soon be rescued. I know everybody at the Bend, anyhow. My Uncle George owns the whole place."

"I think those lights ahead are from Pennypacker's now," said Mr. Meeks.

"I don't think we can have drifted as far as that," replied George, "although the current is swift even here. But we are sure to be in sight of the landing by daybreak. I think we are riding so steady now that I might go down into the rooms and get the women some shawls. Where would I find something, Mary?"

"Oh, no, no! Stay right here. We shall surely go under if you leave us," cried both girls. "And you never could find anything, anyhow."

"I know what I can find, then, and that is the bedclothing. I can pull it off the beds. Some good quilts would be a great comfort."

George was not a person to wait for the execution of any plan, so it was but a few minutes until each member of the group was wrapped in a warm blanket.

"I don't know but we might as well all be drowned," whispered Mrs. Galt, "for I don't know how we'll live if we don't. Everything is swept away."

"We haven't lost the house yet," said George, cheerily.

"Nor have we any of us lost our faith in God yet," said the minister, who had lost no opportunity to administer consolation and cheer through that fearful ride. "Don't you see the light of dawn, over behind the hills?"

The tired family eagerly watched the pale light as it revealed the river broadened to a lake, and filled with the wrecks of other homes, the bodies of horses and cattle, large trees that had been torn up by the roots, and now and then a ghastly something passed them that had yesterday been a human being.

And then, just before them, not half a mile away, the long arm of Pennypackers Point reached out into the river as if to intercept them.

"Your uncle's house is high and dry," said Mrs. Galt, looking at the great brick house that crowned the spur.

"Yes," returned George, "and we shall get there in time for breakfast. There is a boat going in to the landing, the *Ben Morgan*, I think. Now, when she starts out she will come around this way to avoid the ripple, and the waves she makes will beach us pretty near the landing. After that we are all right."

Every one was now too intent in watching their uncertain progress to talk. The *Ben Morgan* made her stop at the submerged landing, pulled out, and, after a disappointing start out toward the current, pointed her nose into the still water of the little bay. A high wave left her beak and the castaways held their breath in suspense as they watched it coming toward them.

It rolled nearer and nearer and disappeared under the house. The building rose on its swell, rocked unsteadily, careened—and rode in to the shore! When the third wave had come and receded, the voyagers found that they were once more on terra firma, and in less than eight feet of water. "Thank the Lord!" exclaimed Mrs. Galt, with the first tears that she had shed streaming down her cheeks. "Now we are sure of our lives at any rate."

George was wildly waving his red and green quilt as a signal to some one at the landing, who immediately put off in a boat, and who recognized George as soon as he came within speaking distance.

"It is my cousin, Henry Pennypacker," said George. "Hello, Henry, how are you?"

"What are you running off with that house for?" shouted Henry.

"I'm on my wedding tour," returned George, as he drew near. "We've just come down for breakfast with you in our own conveyance. If you can shin the post, I will come down to the second floor. Come, all of you, we are safe now; we can go down to the rooms again."

The bed-rooms presented a strange conglomeration of furniture, clothing, firewood, food, dishes, books and bedding which had slid from side to side of the rooms until they were hopelessly blended. The girls found a few toilet articles, and made a very presentable appearance. Henry Pennypacker was delighted to meet his new relatives, and invited them over to the house in a most cordial manner. George's boat was now hanging from the veranda roof beside Brother Meeks' horse trough, and these, with Henry's boat, served to carry the party over to the hospitable home that was open to them, and where their kind reception put them quite at ease. Henry sent out a man with a stout cable to tie the house to a tree, that the next passing boat might not float it away, and then the visitors were invited to a royal breakfast. They recounted the night's experience to the hosts, George Campbell ending the story with: "After all, we are rich beside our neighbors who have lost all. We have only to tow our house back and begin again, for, thank the Lord, there are none of us missing. And I'm sure that, though we hadn't a wedding reception, we had a wedding tour!"

The Meaning of Dreams

HOW TO READ CHARACTER

(Continued from No. 70)

9. A lady of the same kind of hair is tender-hearted, but hasty in temper; neither obstinate nor haughty; her inclinations in love never unreasonable; her constitution will be good, but she will be seldom very fortunate. If the hair is short and bushy, or apt to curl by nature, the gentleman will be more industrious and the lady more sedentary.

10. A gentleman with fair hair will be of a weak constitution; his mind given much to reflection, especially in religious matters. He will be assiduous in his occupation, but not given to rambling; very moderate in his amorous wishes, but not live to an old age.

11. A lady of this colored hair is, on the contrary, of a good constitution; never to be diverted from her purposes; very passionate in love affairs, never easy unless when in company, and delights in hearing herself praised, especially for beauty; delights in dancing and strong exercises, and commonly lives to a great age.

12. A gentleman with long red hair is cunning, artful, and deceitful; he is very much addicted to traffic of some kind, restless in disposition, constantly roving, and desirous of enjoying the pleasures of love. He is covetous of getting money, though he often spends it foolishly; he is indefatigable, and no obstacle will induce him to forsake his enterprise until he has seen the issue of it. He is inclined to timidity, but by reflection may correct it, and pass for a man of courage.

13. A lady of the same kind of hair is glib of tongue, having words at will, talkative and vain; her temper is impatient and fiery, and will not submit to contradiction; she has a constant flow of spirits, and much given to the pleasures of love. However delicate her person may seem, her constiution is generally vigorous, but she seldom lives to see old age for very obvious reasons; her promises are seldom to be depended upon, because the next object that engrosses her attention makes her forgetful of everything that preceded it, and will always resent any disappointment she may meet with.

I will now proceed to give some few instructions concerning the hair in other particulars, by the following remarks:—

14. If the hair falls off at the fore part of the head, the person will be easily led, though otherwise rational, and will often find himself duped, when he thinks he is acting right; he will likewise frequently meet with disappointments in money matters, which will either hurt his credit, or force him to shorten his expenses.

15. If the hair falls off behind, he will be obstinate, peevish, passionate, and fond of commanding others, though he has no right, and will grow angry if his advice is not followed. However preposterous, he will be fond of hearing and telling old stories, and tales of ghosts, goblins, fairies; but will be a good domestic man, and provide for his family to the utmost of his power.

16. If the hair forms an arch around the forehead, without being much indented at the temples, both the gentleman and the lady will be innocent, credulous, peaceable, moderate in all their desires, and though not ardent in their pursuits, will still be persevering. They will be mild, modest, good-natured, prosperous and happy.

17. If the hair is indented at the temples, the person will be affable, steady, good-natured, prudent and attentive to business, of a solid constitution, and long lived.

18. If the hair descends low upon the forehead, the person will be selfish and designing; of a surly disposition, unsociable, and given to drinking. He will also be addicted to avarice, and his mind will be always intent upon the means of carrying on his schemes, &c.

19. The forehead that is large, round, and smooth, announces the lady or gentleman to be frank, open, generous, and free, good-natured, and a safe companion; of a good understanding, and scorns to be guilty of any mean actions; faithful to his promises, just in his dealings, steadfast to his engagements and sincere in his affections; he will enjoy a moderate state of health, &c.

20. If the forehead is flat in the middle, the gentleman or lady will be found to be vain-glorious, and but little disposed to generosity; very tenacious of his honor, but brave; he will be fond of prying into the secrets of others, though not fond of reading newspapers, history, novels, and plays; ardent, and very cautious of his own reputation, &c.

21. If there is a hollow across the forehead, in the middle, with a ridge as of flesh above, and another below, the gentleman will be a good scholar, the lady a great manufacturer or attentive to whatever occupation she may be engaged in. They will be warm in argument or debate—they will be firm and steady in any certain point they fix their minds upon, and by their perseverance will generally carry their object, yet they will meet with many crosses, but will bear them with patience.

(To be continued)

Current News

SUICIDE AS SEEN IN DREAM

How a vision of a drowning friend came to a man in his sleep has just been related in an inquest held in Balderton, near Newars. A machine hand disappeared, and that night a friend according to the testimony, could not sleep. Constantly the vision of the man appeared before him, and when he dozed he saw the man in a mill pond.

So strangely did the vision haunt him that the following day he could not work. When he went to the pond that he had seen in his sleep he found his friend sitting upright in the water, his head just above the surface of it.

The verdict was that the man drowned himself during an attack of temporary insanity.

FORTUNE AWAITING UNNAMED WOMAN

The Touring Club of France is searching for a woman to whom to hand a fortune.

In 1914 a M. Brunier left half his fortune to the club and the other half to a woman whom they were to find.

They are conducting an active search for her to-day, but the conditions under which she may benefit are so unusual that she will be difficult to find.

She must be the wife of a guide in the French Alps; she must live in a commune not less than 3,000 feet above sea level; she must have not fewer than seven children, and the children must have been born at an altitude of not less than 3,000 feet.

SULPHUR MINE IN CRATER

In the crater of a snow-capped volcanic mountain on Unalaska Island, one of the Aleutian group, is a large deposit of sulphur, believed to contain from 10,000 to 15,000 tons, says Popular Mechanics. A claim has been filed for the location, and mining operations probably will start in the near future. Subterranean heat and a hot vapor, the latter issuing from cracks in the rocks, keep the deposit free from ice and snow, though these permanently cover nearly all of the remainder of the peak, which is about 6,000 feet in height. Another sulphur deposit has been discovered on Akun Island, in the same group, and a third near Stepovak Bay, on the southern shore of the Alaskan Peninsula.

AMAZING APPETITES

If a baby had the appetite of a young potato beetle it would eat from 50 to 100 pounds of food every 24 hours. If a horse ate as much as a caterpillar, in proportion to its size, it would consume a ton of hay every 24 hours. A caterpillar eats twice its weight of leaves every day but a potato beetle devours every day at least five times its weight of foliage, every bit of which represents just so much money to the farmer.

The most destructive of all insects, according to Tid-Bits, is the grasshopper, which, when in good health, consumes in a day ten times its weight of vegetation. No wonder that whole districts are devastated by the millions of grasshoppers that go about in swarms.

LONGEST TUNNEL IN UNITED STATES

The Rogers Pass tunnel, which is five miles long, has been holed through and now supplants the Hoosac Tunnel in Massachusetts as the longest tunnel on this Continent, exceeding the latter by about a quarter of a mile. The Rogers Pass tunnel is notable also for the manner in which it was built and the rapid rate at which the work was advanced. Two pioneer tunnels were driven parallel with the main tunnel, but about 50 feet from it, explains Popular Mechanics. From these drifts, crosscuts were driven to the center line of the main tunnel and from these the main headings were driven. By this means the work was greatly expedited. In July, 1915, the two pioneer headings were stopped when less than a mile apart, and from these points the main headings were driven forward, meeting December 19, the average advance for each main heading having been 520 feet per month.

A BURIED FOREST

It appears that the recovery and use of buried timber is no new thing. For hundreds of years the wood of buried and submerged trees has been recovered and worked among the Swiss Alps, and many an English farmer of the western counties can point with pride to an old cabinet or carved four-poster of black bog oak, says the Washington Star. But, according to Professor D. W. Fagan, it is doubtful if anywhere else in the world there is so vast an area of buried timber of immense size as in the Papakura valley, near Auckland, New Zealand.

Beneath the surface of peat, where the soil has shrunk in drying or has been blown away, the trunks of kauri trees lie exposed to view. For centuries they have been covered by the semi-liquid peat until their branches and crowns have decayed and disappeared. Nothing but the solid heartwood of the mighty trunks remain, and these lie in orderly swathes almost as regular as wheat stalks in a newly-reaped field. The thousand heads all point in one direction, as if the forest had fallen under the sickle of some giant reaper.

ORIGIN OF "DO, RE, MI"

What is the origin of these syllables: Do, Re, Mi, Fa, So. La, Si, as names for the seven notes of the musical scale? In histories of music their invention or discovery is attributed to Guido d'Arezzo or Aretinus, a Benedictine monk who lived near Ravenna, Italy, in the first half of the eleventh century. As a music teacher of his fellows in the Pomposa monastery he was credited with the production of a teaching of music which gave immediate results in singing that before him could scarcely be attained in ten years.

Guido went to Rome to teach Pope John to sing, and he met with complete success by means of his new syllables; after but one lesson the Pope was able to find the tone of an antiphon and to sing it. Guido called his system solmisation; it consisted in part of the use of the now well known syllables. In the refectory of the monastery of Avellana is a portrait of Guido which is thus inscribed: "Beatus Guido Inventor Musicæ."

But a deeper search into the history of these syllables or kindred ones finds that they were used by the Hindus long before. The earliest mention of the musical scale (the seven notes) occurs in the Vedangas, the Chandas and the Siksha. This early notation, preceding the Christian religion, passed from the Hindus to the Persians, from these to the Arabs and finally, in the time of the crusades to Europe. There is no doubt that Guido d'Arezzo did not invent them, but his is the honor of introducing them into European music.

INSECT PESTS

Insect pests are a plague on the boundary of Bolivia and Brazil. "In the forests and on the smaller rivers," writes Commander Herbert A. Edwards, R. N. R., in the Geographical Journal, "life is made almost unbearable. Ants are met with everywhere; they swarm over one's person in hundreds, and most of them bite most savagely. There is one kind of red ant, which lives in trees hollowed out by themselves, whose bite is like a touch with a red-hot iron. If a person inadvertently touches or leans up against one of these trees the ants swarm out upon him instantly and his life for hours afterward is a long-drawn-out misery. Then there are the huge ants called tucanderas, one and a half inches in length. They live in the forks of trees. Their bite is particularly painful, and causes the part affected to swell up as if poisoned. One of our soldiers was incapacitated for several days by a bite of a tucandera. Red ants, black ants which make broad, straight roads of their own and move about in battalions; grayish white ants, living in red colored mounds, six feet high; yellow ants—each and every one has its own particular way of making unwelcome the intruder into its habitat.

"Butterflies during bright sunshine settled on the surveyors and the instruments they were using in such numbers that survey work became an impossibility. Nor is this all. Wasps of many colors, but always with a sting; hornets, which give no mercy to man or beast; bees of all sizes, some of which swarm in one's shirt, eyes, hair, ears, mouths and nostrils seeking moisture. Every blade of grass has a tick of some sort, waiting opportunity to bury itself in some one's flesh.

"Spiders, horrid hairy creatures, with bodies six inches long, are sometimes met. One of our men was stung or bitten by one of these when out shooting; his foot where he was bitten became inflamed and broke out into raw patches. He had to be left behind, as we were on the march, and when we sent for him three weeks later he was still limping."

DRAWS ON STEEL WALL OF JAIL WONDERFUL PICTURE OF CHRIST

On a Sunday morning in March, 1917, while he was in the County Jail at San Bernardino, awaiting trial, Ramon Garcia, ex-convict, drew upon the steel wall of his boxlike cell a picture of Christ on the Cross.

John N. Hilliard tells us that, "With the stub of an old pencil borrowed from an accommodating jailer—genius has ever made use of the first tool that comes to hand—he fashioned a remarkable picture.

"And straightway certain events outside of the established order happened. Like concentric rings upon the face of the water the fame of it spread, crossing the Sierras of the Snows, going beyond the Rockies, eventually reaching the Atlantic hinterland.

"The man who had pencilled the picture on the steel wall had long since gone to prison, but the cell he had occupied in the County Jail had become a veritable shrine. And the town of San Bernardino had become a place of great pilgrimage."

Eventually the sentence of the thrice-convicted felon was commuted and already the young Mexican has begun to make good.

"The likeness of Marshal Joffre, done on canvas shortly after Garcia's release from prison, was presented to the Latin-American Institute. It is a remarkable piece of portraiture, when you consider that the man who drew it has had no training, that he had not even a primer knowledge of the craft.

"The portrait of Judge Dewhirst, done from life, is an uncanny likeness. Perhaps the most astonishing work Garcia has so far done, except the drawing of the Crucifixion, is the portrait of Lincoln. This also was drawn with pencil on one of the steel walls of the San Bernardino Jail.

"And it is Lincoln, the Lincoln of humble beginnings, who split rails for a livelihood; who read his books in the wavering light of a pine nubbin; the patient, kindly man with the smile, the sad eyes, the worn face, who had been lifted up to guide a Nation."

ABOUT GREAT SALT LAKE

The water of the Great Salt Lake, in Utah, is so buoyant that a man may lie on his back in it and easily float, with his head and neck, his legs to the knee, and both arms to the elbow entirely out of the water. On assuming a sitting position, with the arms extended, his shoulders will rise above the water. On account of the extreme buoyancy of the water, swimming is laborious, from the tendency of the lower extremities to rise about the surface. The lake is 75 miles long and 30 broad. The first to navigate its waters was General Fremont, in 1843. In saltiness the Utah lake is not to be compared with a Siberian lake in Obdorsk, which for a long time has been entirely roofed with a deposit of salt. It is 9 miles wide and 17 in length. Originally evaporation played the most prominent part in coating the lake over with salt, but at the present time the salt springs which surround it are adding fast to the thickness of the crust. In the long-ago period evaporation of the lake's waters left great salt crystals on the surface. In course of time these caked together. Thus the waters were finally entirely covered. In 1878 the lake found an underground outlet into the River Obi, which lowered its surface about three feet. The salt crust was so thick, however, that it retained its old level, and now presents the curious spectacle of a salt-roofed lake. The salt coat increases six inches in thickness every year. The many little islands with which the lake is studded are said to act as braces and to help keep the arched salt crust in position.

FIND BURIED MOUNTAINS

A chain of submerged mountains extending from Llano County to the Gulf at Rockport and passing San Antonio on the east has been discovered by Capt. Jay Turley, according to information Capt. Turley has given to the Southwest Texas Oil Men's Association. The association was asked to furnish a name for the mountains. The name selected is "Turley," and this has been furnished to the American Scientific Society for its approval.

The mountains, according to Capt. Turley, extend southwest from the central mineral region in Llano County, which is known to be the stub of an old mountain, in a southeasterly direction, through Comal, Wilson, Goliad and Refugio counties, to the Gulf. Capt. Turley first discovered evidences of the submerged mountains when he was employed by the Government on the boundary question between the United States and Mexico, and he endeavored to give a geological reason for the location of the Rio Grande.

According to Capt. Turley, in the early geological stages of the earth there was a "slip" of the surface formations from the northeastern part of the State toward the southwest, and at this time these mountains were submerged. The discovery of the existence of the mountains is considered of the greatest importance in the oil development, and is thought to account largely for the great difference in both elevation and geological formations encountered in wells east and south of the city.

Wells now being drilled in the region of these submerged mountains may in the near future throw considerable more light on the geological conditions in the region traversed by the mountains. The mountains are thought to be a continuation of the Bend Arch, and it is in the Bend Series of the Bend Arch that oil is obtained in the Ranger and Brownwood sections.

ABOUT THE DISMAL SWAMP

The name Dismal Swamp is a by-wood everywhere, and a legend has grown up around it of a dreary, boggy, unknown region of snakes and dark, damp thickets, where runaway slaves fled for refuge. This region is but little better known to-day than it was when George Washington himself laid out a route through it.

The swamp is old historically. The first settlers at Norfolk and the region round about knew of it as a wild, impassable, bit of country full of game and of valuable timber—cypress, so good for making shingles; juniper, black gum and beech. In 1728, Col. Byrd, while trying to establish the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina, ran a survey across it, working with the greatest difficulty and making only a mile a day through the thick growth. He it was who named it the Dismal Swamp.

Later surveys and government maps show that the wilderness contains about 800 square miles of wood and water lying in a tract twenty miles wide and forty-five long, and extending twenty miles into Virginia and twenty-five miles into North Carolina. The soil is a sort of rich black vegetable mould, dry and caky at some seasons, and saturated with water at others.

The whole region is like a huge sponge, alternately dry and wet, and as the swamp level, curiously enough, is twenty feet above tidewater, it is the source of many rivers and streams.

There are deer in the woods, but it is the wild cattle that gives the best sport. The ancestors of these "reed fed" cattle, as they are called, strayed in from the fields and took up their abode in the swamp. The result is a race of small, active, wild cattle, the flesh of which is a delicious combination of the qualities of wild game and tame animals.

There is a chance that before many years the greater part of the swamp will be redeemed from its present wildness into civilized farm land, but it will be many years before the bear and wild cattle and moccasin snakes disappear from their refuges, and before the rare plants and birds that still draw botanists and ornithologists from all parts of the country will be found only in museum show cases.

A FREAK METEOR

A meteorite which fell in Zululand on Aug. 1, 1912, has been examined by Prof. Stanley and was found to consist almost entirely of nickel-iron alloy, and is therefore classed as a siderite; it is coated with a skin of magnetic oxide exhibiting flow lines and shows numerous "thumb marks." An analytical investigation shows the presence of iron, nickel, silicon, sulphur, carbon, phosphorus, aluminum, magnesium platinum and chlorine, the bulk of the meteorite being composed of iron. The fall was accompanied by an explosion which was heard for a great distance, and which was followed by the sight of the rapidly-moving body, accompanied by a spiral trail of smoke and a low, hissing crackling noise. A native woman narrowly escaped being struck by the missile.

"EVIL EYE" WOMAN

The terror caused by the Salem witches was recalled in France recently when residents of Louvecinnes, on the edge of the Marly-le-Roi Forest, in the Seine-et-Oise, appealed to the police for protection against a woman who possessed an "evil eye" of the mediæval ages. Even educated inhabitants of the district fear her spell and are threatening to move away from Louvecinnes unless the woman is banished or kept under surveillance.

Inasmuch as the French law prohibits burning at the stake, which is the only known cure for such a spell, the woman is still at large, and the police commissioner of the district is awaiting instructions from the Paris prefecture before taking any radical measures.

According to residents of Louvecinnes, who piously make the sign of the cross whenever mentioning her, the woman is a war refugee from the Ardennes, having lost her husband and her sons in the war. Her look is said to be deadlier than the claws of any beast, and that all she needs to do is to look at anything or any one and it or they immediately wither or fall victims of some illness.

It was said that a profiteering hotel keeper overcharged her recently, whereupon she cursed him. Two minutes later he fell and broke his leg.

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35 "The Clue in the Box," by Alexander Douglas.
36 "Trailed by a French Detective," by Rene Rennard.
37 "A Drop of Ink," by Lieutenant Robert W. Warden.
38 "The Ten Doctors," by Allan Arnold Fox.
39 "The Stain on Page 61," by Chas. T. Jordan.
40 "A Masked Mystery," by Police Sergeant Kelly.
41 "The Black Soul," by Beulah Poynter.
42 "Sanctuary," by William Hamilton Osborne.
43 "The Mystery of the Seven Shadows," by Charles F. Oursler.
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WEAR PLUMES OF BIRDS OF PARADISE

New Guinea is the home of a large percentage of the world's birds of paradise, writes Niksah. The supply of these beautiful birds is fast failing. Not only do the women of Europe and America demand feathers for their bonnets, but the natives of New Guinea and surrounding islands make lavish use of the plumage as head dresses.

In New Guinea it is the man who affects bird-of-paradise decorations. The women, like the female bird of paradise, are inconspicuous in dull colors.

To obtain the much prized feathers the New Guinea natives set out for the forest, knowing that the bird of paradise seeks to conceal his rainbow hues in the dense foliage of the trees.

If they can find no haunt of the desired birds they start calling in excellent imitation of the shrill, ugly cry of the bird of paradise to its mate. This ruse is usually successful, and a bird shows itself only to be snared or shot down with arrows.

In mating season the male bird dances before the female he desires as a mate, to display his beautiful feathers, and at such a time so absorbed are the birds in their own affairs that large numbers are taken easily by the wily natives.

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